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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Staff Writer Dan Levin has the hat trick in this issue, three—count 'em, three—articles on wildly disparate subjects. He examines the new and, to some, disturbing sport of women's bodybuilding (page 64). His appreciation of Monterey rugby accompanies the photo essay on page 28, and an account of the Pyramid Lake strain of cutthroat trout, long assumed extinct, begins on page 50.

Levin first became aware of muscle-women at a women's rugby tournament in Illinois, where one of the players introduced him to bodybuilder Laura Combes. Combes was a revelation to Levin, as indeed she had been even to premier iron-pumper Arnold Schwarzenegger, and as she and her colleagues probably will be to you as well.

Levin, now 41, has grown a beard since he last appeared in this space. "Before, you wouldn't believe how many people thought I looked like Woody Allen," he says. Levin is red-

headed, pale and even plays the clarinet, and if he is not, in fact, Woody Allen (for one thing, he is considerably taller), he is a member of the species Allen has placed in the limelight, the single man living in Manhattan.

In Levin's case, the single man's particular interests include, in his own words, and in no particular order: "Cats, Heifetz playing Bruch's Concerto No. 1 in G minor, Peggy Lee singing *Two for the Road*, all clean bodies of water, Judy Davis in the film *My Brilliant Career*, Smucker's chunky peanut butter and Rachel Carson's *Under the Sea Wind*. Women with knowing eyes, emotional depth and a sense of justice. Swimming in the surf, laughing until I'm almost sick and the crab with ginger and green onion at the Far East Chinese Restaurant in London—I flew home with two portions of it after covering the Henley Regatta."

Despite all that crab and peanut butter, Levin is notably fit, working out regularly on Nautilus machines in a New York City health club. He has been running for 20 years, currently some 17 miles a week. This is down from the high of 55 he did last summer while training for the New York City Marathon. "I turned in a 4:18," he groans. "I must have been sleeping out there."

If his time was not electrifying, in a sense the experience was. "I've always wanted to be a hero," Levin says, "and in recent years I've felt like one, at least to myself. I realize that I'm capable of doing physical things now that I wasn't able to dream of 20 years ago—it's usually the other way around with people—and I feel a new power, personally and professionally."

"When I was 9, I was nostalgic. How many 9-year-olds are filled with nostalgia? Now, basically, I think about this afternoon. I think you could call me a neoromantic with visions of immortality."

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*Arthur F. Sullivan*



LEVIN AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD NAUTILUS

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## VIEWPOINT

by WILLIAM F. REED

**THE NCAA HOOPS TOURNAMENT, ONCE SO INTOXICATING, HAS LOST ITS KICK**

I grew up in Kentucky, in the heyday of Adolph Rupp, so I learned early that, other than the Kentucky Derby, the NCAA basketball tournament is the grandest event there is. I love college basketball, and the NCAA's have always represented the sport at its throbbing best. That's why I'm so disgusted with the way the NCAA and the nation's athletic directors have dented the quality of the tournament.

For many years, including Kentucky and Louisville—the ones I cover regularly for *The Courier-Journal* of Louisville—regular-season conference games have become virtually meaningless. Everybody gets a new chance in the post-season conference tournaments that have sprung up all over the country. The only reward for winning the regular-season championship is a tournament bye and a seeding against a weaker team.

So what really matters is what happens in the conference tournaments. Right? Wrong! Even that isn't a matter of life and death anymore, now that the NCAA has expanded the national tournament to 48 teams. Time was when there was only one survivor—the team that finished first in a conference or won the league tournament. Now, though, apparently all you have to do to make the NCAA's is get to the conference tournament semifinals.

The 48-team format bothers me because there simply aren't that many teams that ought to be playing for the national championship. Oh, I know there have been a few times in the past when qualified teams have been denied an NCAA berth for one reason or another. That's unfortunate, but it's still better than cluttering the field with a lot of dogs. What the proliferation of tournaments and games has done is to reward mediocrity and penalize excellence.

It comes down to dollars and cents, according to Louisville Coach Denny Crum. "All the league tournaments are for to make money," he says. "I've never liked them because they're not in the best interest of the good teams."

The main concern of the NCAA and college athletic directors seems to be healthy bank balances—more games, more gate revenue, more television money. "We bend too much for television," frets Indiana's Bobby Knight, who's happy he coaches in the Big Ten, a conference that has no tournament.

"I don't think you really need a conference tournament," Knight says. "You play a whole season to determine a champion and that's who should be the champion. In a tournament, any team can get hot and claim the title. I don't like that. I also don't know ex-



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actly how often teams that play in conference tournaments miss classes for travel, but I'd estimate you're talking about taking a kid out of class for a week."

Knight is proud of the fact that, of the scholarship players who have completed four years under him in Indiana, all but one have gotten their degrees—and that one is close to earning his. However, as players are required to spend more and more time on the court, that kind of record will become increasingly difficult to achieve. In fact, it's not stretching a point to suggest that the proliferation of games and tournaments might lead to more and more New Mexico-type academic scandals. It's no secret that a lot of college basketball players are hardly Phi Beta Kappa material. It was tough enough on them in the days when a team had to play only 25 regular-season games and four more in the NCAA tournament to win the national championship. How can they possibly cope academically when most of their time is taken up with practice, games and travel?

Consider Kentucky, for example. If the Wildcats were to win the NCAA championship this season, they would have played 38 times between Nov. 17 and March 24, including 30 regular-season games, three Southeastern Conference tournament games, three NCAA regional tournament games and two final-four games.

That's a lot of basketball, even in a program in which most of the players are decent students and in which the coach, Joe Hall, is a disciplinarian who monitors his players' performances in the classroom almost as closely as he watches their performances on the court. One can only imagine what the pressures of such a schedule might lead coaches to do at schools at which the emphasis on academics isn't as strong.

Maybe it's time for the NCAA to finally just let universities go out and hire the best players possible and not make them bother with all that tedious business of going to class and taking exams. It wouldn't be that big a change considering that, with the NBA-type schedules teams are allowed to play these days, it seems the NCAA considers the concept of the student-athlete to be as outdated as the wooden backboard.

I'd like to see the NCAA reduce the field for its tournament next season—back to, say, 16 teams—and I'd like to see athletic directors eliminate conference tournaments. Of course, it won't happen. Today, more than ever, college basketball is big business. If anything, the NCAA will probably keep expanding until they're like a state high school tournament in which every team has a chance. From this Kentuckian's view, that would be like throwing the bourbon down the drain and drinking only the water.

END

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**Johnny Rutherford**



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(A lot of us drive to work. But for Johnny Rutherford, driving is his work—at speeds over 200 miles an hour. In his 20 years of racing, he has won the Indianapolis 500 twice, was United States Auto Club National Sprint Car Champion, and has been named USAC Driver of the Year.)

**Q.** Then pushups really aren't your speed?

**A.** No way. Pushups, sit-ups, knee bends—they may build me up, but they bore me to tears. I do them to help build the stamina I need for auto racing, but I have to force myself. I'd much rather do something I can get my head into as well as my body.

**Q.** What exactly is your idea of exercise that's fun?

**A.** Any recreation that's a challenge, not a ritual. I happen to like bowling, swimming, skiing and golf because they absorb me and demand my attention. I can really get into them and enjoy them. And I particularly like sports where the idea is winning.

**Q.** So you're as competitive off the racetrack as on it?

**A.** I sure am. Although on the bowling lanes you'd have to label me a rookie. But that's one neat

thing about bowling. You don't have to be a pro. You can get a group together and go have fun and hoot and holler and the one who knocks down the most pins is the winner. And you can do it anywhere, any weather, any season.

**Q.** Are you ever tempted to just lie back and do nothing?

**A.** You bet. Especially the older I get. But none of us can afford to. Before you know it, you're short of breath, overweight, and out of shape. I simply can't let down. My life depends on keeping fit. So does yours.

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# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

## CRIES OF DOOM

Some NFL personages have issued dire warnings that the Oakland Raiders' move to Los Angeles might destroy the league. Noting that the Raiders have flouted an NFL rule requiring that franchise shifts be approved by three-fourths—or 21—of the 28 owners, they say that if the Raiders get away with such perfidy, other clubs will be encouraged to freely break league rules, too. The result, Pittsburgh Steeler President Dan Rooney warned last week, is that "we may not have a league." Similarly, Green Bay Packer owner Domine Oleniczak said of the Raider move, "It could spell anarchy."

But such wild alarms may be just that—wild alarms. The Raiders' move to L.A. has resulted in several lawsuits, the most threatening to the NFL being one brought by the Los Angeles Coliseum alleging that the rule requiring a three-fourths vote on franchise shifts violates federal antitrust law. That suit is pending before U.S. District Court Judge Harry Pregerson in Los Angeles, who last month enjoined the NFL from forcing the Raiders to submit its move to L.A. to a vote by the other clubs. Although Pregerson's action has since been stayed by the U.S. Court of Appeals, one of his written opinions in the case provides a revealing glimpse of his thinking on the legality of NFL procedures and rules generally.

Pregerson says NFL franchises are individual businesses whose "cooperation" raises antitrust questions. But he says that by the very nature of sports, cooperation in some areas—playing rules and scheduling, for example—is paradoxically necessary for competition to exist. He implies that certain other NFL practices, such as player drafts and jointly negotiated TV contracts, if tested in the courts, might well be adjudged permissible under antitrust law. Nor does Pregerson entirely rule out the possibility that even the three-fourths rule might eventually be upheld as legal. None of

which sounds remotely like a declaration of open season on the NFL constitution.

Even if it doesn't presage the NFL's imminent demise, however, the Raiders' shift to L.A. is an affront to the fans who long and faithfully supported the team in Oakland. And it could, therefore, cause the NFL long-term problems by arousing the undue attention of Congress. Nevertheless, Raider boss Al Davis last week said that his team had received orders for season tickets from 20,000 Angelenos and had changed its name to the Los Angeles Raiders.

## PUCK ROCK

During the 1950s Hungarian-born professional wrestler Sandor Szabo released a single for Hammerlock Records on which he sang, more or less tunelessly, a song called *Take Me in Your Arms*. Now some National Hockey League players have pooled their talents to produce, with proceeds earmarked for the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation, a record that *The Los Angeles Times* classifies as "puck rock." Five members of the New York Rangers sing *Hockey Sock Rock* on one side and Los Angeles King linemates Marcel Dionne, Chris Summer and Dave Taylor (a/k/a Marcel Dionne and the Pucktones) do the flip side. The name of that one is *Please Pardon My Misconduct*.

## TOUGH PROPOSITION

The passage nearly two years ago of Proposition 13, which sharply cut California property taxes, has inevitably placed financial strains on high school athletic programs. At the same time, school sports budgets have also been strained by the rapid proliferation of girls' teams. To avoid drastically curtailing athletic programs, California high schools have turned increasingly to booster clubs to raise funds. Many also have begun charging students for participating in varsity sports.

The fees assessed under "Pay for Play" plans vary widely. Athletes at Rolling

Hills High on Los Angeles' affluent Palos Verdes Peninsula shell out \$67 for each sport, while those in the San Francisco suburb of San Mateo pay \$20 per sport up to a limit of \$60 per family, regardless of how many siblings or different sports are involved. Officially, payment in most cases is voluntary. "If the student can't or won't pay, the fee is paid somehow," says Chuck Hinds, commissioner of San Mateo's seven-school Mid-Penninsula League. "The student can work for it, or the booster club or somebody will find the money for him." But some California schools reportedly are quite forceful in "requesting" payment.

The idea of having to pay for what once was considered a vital part of the educational process is disturbing, especially since fees obviously put an unequal burden on lower-income students. The only possible salutary effect is that athletes who pay to participate in high school sports are understandably loath to sit on



the bench. Accordingly, some coaches might conceivably be a bit more disposed to let everybody play than they would otherwise be.

The financial squeeze has also prompted as many as half of California's 1,200 public high schools to use "walk-ons"—that is, non-faculty members—as coaches, a practice once confined to private schools. Largely because of Proposition 13, school districts are hiring fewer of the young, enthusiastic teachers who in the past tended to take on most of the after-school coaching assignments. As a

continued

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result, schools have had to hire moonlighting coaches—a fireman, perhaps, or an airline baggage handler. The turnover is often high, and even those who do a good job labor under the disadvantage of not seeing their athletes in a total school environment.

"A walk-on coach can be totally dedicated to his coaching assignment but not totally connected and aware of the school operation," says Dr. Hanford Rantz, principal of Gahr High near Cerritos, commenting on the "Rent-A-Coach" phenomenon. But Hinds says, "Walk-on coaches are here to stay. The alternative is no athletic program at all."

#### SEVEN-DAY WONDER

As reported here last week, Columbia University law student Jed Bricker has painstakingly researched the top men's track and field performances in regard to the days on which they occurred, and has found that only one athlete holds the "record" in his specialty for each day of the week. This seven-day wonder is Edwin Moses, whose world record of 47.45 in the 400-meter intermediate hurdles came on a Saturday—at UCLA, on June 11, 1977—and who also has achieved the fastest times ever on a Sunday (47.64), Monday (48.30), Tuesday (47.67), Wednesday (47.94), Thursday (48.20) and Friday (47.53). Moses' utter domination of his event is underscored by the fact that nobody else can currently claim best-ever performances in any one event on more than four days of the week.

#### THREE'S NOT A CROWD

After the 1977-78 season, one marred by violence on the court, the NBA scrapped its traditional two-referee system in favor of a three-official setup. Violence promptly declined last season, but Commissioner Larry O'Brien chose to credit this to higher fines rather than the extra ref. Over the objections of general managers, coaches, players and the referees themselves, NBA owners reverted to the two-official system this season, at a yearly saving of \$600,000, less than \$30,000 per team.

Most NBA watchers consider the economy move regrettable. The NBA's adoption this season of the three-point field goal has made refs busier than ever, while players have become more adept at exploiting "dead spots," those areas on the floor where the officials' view of

the action is blocked. "The lack of a third man cuts off our percentage for getting that perfect angle," complains Referee Paul Mihalak.

The upshot is that NBA referees are missing many violations, including the sort of rough tactics that can easily escalate into violence. "There is a lot more grabbing and holding, for the simple reason there is one less official," says Phoenix Sun Coach John McLeod, "and the players know this very well." A fistfight during a recent Boston-Atlanta game began after Hawk Center Tree Rollins shot an elbow at the Celtics' Dave Cowens, just the kind of incident that might be prevented by the presence of a third ref. After the Utah Jazz' Jerome Whitehead elbowed Kansas City's Scott Wedman earlier this season, breaking a bone in Wedman's face, Kings Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons said angrily, "What concerns me is that it all starts with incidental hand contact. It was a mistake to go back to two referees."

Richie Phillips, the legal counsel for the NBA referees' union, warns that failure to reinstate the three-referee system "could become a strike issue." Even O'Brien now concedes that "the third official might have contributed in some way to a more orderly flow of the game and less violence."

#### PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM

A basket by Houston Rocket Guard Mike Dunleavy in a 93-83 win over the Hawks in Atlanta last week may or may not have proved the need for a third ref in NBA games, but it certainly demonstrated the value of television as a potential aid in sports officiating. After Dunleavy scored, Referee Durrell Garretson walked to the scorer's table and allowed that neither he nor Tom Nunez, the other ref, had been in position to see whether Dunleavy's feet had put him in three-point range. At the invitation of Jerry Trupina, the play-by-play man for Houston's KH-TV, Garretson watched a televised replay that clearly showed Dunleavy's basket to be a three-pointer. Garretson ruled accordingly—with scarcely a peep from Atlanta's bench and only scattered boos from the fans.

Garretson's willingness to enlist TV's help in making a tough call should be instructive to Pete Rozelle, who has resisted the use of instant replay in the NFL, which has been plagued by blown calls at crucial moments during playoff

games. Rozelle cites cost as an objection but is Buffalo Bill Quarterback Joe Ferguson notes, using instant replay would require nothing more than an official stationed in front of a TV monitor. Ferguson suggests that this official be empowered to rule only on scoring plays and "if he says he doesn't have a good enough view, then the call stands." It might be added that such an innovation need not be unduly disruptive. The official could announce an instant-replay call simply by flashing a red light, and the game probably would be held up no more than 30 seconds or so.

#### THE ROYAL WHIP

It isn't often that horseplayers get a chance to bet on royalty, which explains some of the excitement last week when England's Prince Charles, an accomplished polo player, show jumper and devotee of the hunt, debuted as a jockey in a two-mile charity flat race at Plumpton Race Course. The bettors made Charles' mount, Long Wharf, the 13-8 favorite, only to see the horse place second in a field of 13 behind Classified, ridden by a sportscastrer, Derek Thompson. Four days later Charles rode a gelding named Sea Swell in a steeplechase event at Sandown. Sea Swell went off at 10-1 and finished last in a field of four, but Charles handled the 22-fence course faultlessly, prompting trainer Nick Gaselee to say, "I am thinking of offering him a contract."

#### THEY SAID IT

- Lynn Wheeler, after resigning as the coach of Iowa State's women's basketball team, which finished the season with 14 straight defeats: "I've taken this team as far as I can."
- Richie Hebner, Detroit Tiger third baseman and a gravedigger during the off-season, after finishing a two-mile run ordered by Manager Sparky Anderson: "I've buried people in better shape than I'm in."
- Gordie Howe, 51, following the debut of new Hartford Whaler teammate, Bobby Hull, 41: "The lad looked good in his first game."
- John McHale, Montreal Expo general manager, on player agents: "They love it when you're out when they call you. Then, when you call them back they can negotiate as long as they want to, at your expense."

END



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# OFF WITH A HOOP AND A HOLLER

*Forty-eight teams roared into the NCAA's. Thirty-two were silenced, including No. 1 DePaul. The survivors compete for the last hurrah* **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

If it's Tempe, Ariz., this must be DePaul, as in DePaul. If it's Greensboro, N.C., this must be Iowa, as in Injuries. If it's Ogden, Utah, this must be Clemson, as in Claim Jumpers. Especially, if it's Loyol Marymount and Alcorn State—make that Loyola Marymount and Alcorn State—what we've got here must be another NCAA basketball tournament.

Sure enough, folks, flaunting geography, logic and fairness to all—or at least to those seeded teams outside the inviolable boundaries of Fayette County, Ky.—here came the elephantine NCAA's last week, all skillion sites, zillion teams and lebenty-leben thousand players worth, to gladden the hearts of expansionists everywhere.

This was the year the NCAA's nine-man selection committee promised big and bold things. A 48-team field. Balanced regionals—i.e., the best clubs, record- and schedule-wise, scattered throughout the land and seeded according to past performances. Yet the committee's placing of teams managed to offend just about every section of the country and produce the following:

- Georgetown was seeded third in the East behind two teams, Syracuse and Maryland, it had already defeated "What a joke," said Hoya Coach John Thompson.

- St. John's and Ohio State, both seeded, were sent away from their home regions and wound up having to play Purdue and Arizona State, respectively, on the Boilermakers' and Sun Devils' inhospitable home courts. Ohio State survived; St. John's didn't.

- Most absurd of all, No. 1 DeServing DePaul was banished to the Arizona desert more than 1,800 miles from its Mid-east territory and lost to UCLA, while Kentucky, which was beaten in the SEC tournament finals, was permitted to stay in state last weekend and, after a second-round 97-78 victory over Florida State, to play at home this weekend in the Mid-east Regional at Lexington.

Even usually jovial Lamar Coach Billy Tubbs was angry. His men had faced no fewer than 11 tournament-bound teams this season, but a committee member judged Lamar's schedule only the 77th toughest in the land and the Beaumont, Texas school was shuttled out of the Midwest and into the West. The Cards won twice anyway, over Weber

*continued*

*Iowa's Ronnie Lester seeded off Sidney Law, and the Hawkeyes did likewise to North Carolina St*

State and Oregon State. "Next year we'll schedule the Lakers," Tubbs said.

The pros would be well advised to stay out of the Midwest Regional, which contains three consensus All-America players, two consensus former No. 1 teams and one coach whose straw stirs the consensus drink. Bobby who?

Duke has defeated Kentucky, while Kentucky has defeated Indiana and Purdue, who have defeated each other, but here they all are again. The site of this weekend's Midwest games, Kentucky's home court, gives the advantage to the Wildcats, if only they can figure out who they'll be playing. Will it be the embarrassed Duke that lost five of seven at the end of the regular season? Or the intense Duke that rampaged through the ACC tournament and whipped deliberate Penn 52-42 in last week's second round?

The Blue Devils are a schizoid's delight, having lost their coach—Bill Foster, who will take over at South Carolina—and found their soul at about the same time. But even equipped with the same enthusiasm that characterized their rush to the NCAA finals two years ago, Mike Ginski, Gene Banks & Co. can't be expected to continue their valiant comeback against the deeper, more versatile Wildcats.

Kentucky's backcourt leader, Kyle Macy, may be the smartest player in the tournament, and he directs waves of able bodies, for example, 7'1" Sam Bowie, streak-shooting senior Jay Shidler, senior defender LaVon Williams. Bowie played Ginski to a draw in their first meeting back on Nov. 17, and now he is much improved, "doing things that deny human expectation," according to his coach, Joe Hall.

Inhuman was the word for Purdue's Joe Barry Carroll in the early rounds as he got 69 points and 25 rebounds to dazzle the visiting Eastern press, with whom he refused to speak after victories over LaSalle (90-82) and St. John's (87-72). "The atom bomb," Redmen Coach Lou Carnesecca called Carroll.

But now Joe Barry must face Indiana. In two meetings this season Purdue and Indiana split home victories, and Carroll missed 18 of 25 shots and scored only 18 points. If their inside bomb is not ticking, the Boilermakers' outside shooting often is a dud, which could turn this intra-Big Ten, atrastate rivalry into a rout and propel the Hoosiers into another rematch with Kentucky.

The gag in Bloomington is that the draw was rigged by Jose D. Silva of the Puerto Rican police force—you gringos, of course, remember Jose?—but if anyone can stop the 'Cats in Rupp Arena, it's Bobby Knight-coached Indiana, with the resurrected Mike Woodson and the multi-talented Isaiah Thomas. In the teams' December meeting, freshman Thomas fouled out late, at which point Macy took over for a 69-58 Kentucky victory. But both teams are more settled now, and this could be the key game of the tournament. Gave the edge to Indiana.

The power and the glory of the Big Ten swept into the East Regional, too, where the best trio in the territory will be joined at Philadelphia by a dangerous frontier, Coach Lute Olson's Iowa team. The immaculate, silver-haired Olson is right out of the start ads, but his Hawkeyes are barely out of the hospital. Kenny Arnold and Bob Hansen are playing with broken hands. Ronnie Lester is just back from knee surgery. Last week Steve Krafclis came down with stomach flu. Still, the Hawkeyes shut down another Hawkeye (Whitney of North Carolina State) in Greensboro as Reserve Forward Vince Brookins played strong defense and added seven baskets without a miss in the second half of a pullaway 77-64 win.

Without star Guard Lester, Iowa was 8-7. With him, the Hawkeyes are 13-1, counting and inspired. Nevertheless, Iowa depends on heavy, full-court defensive pressure from basically seven men—a weakness that its next opponent, Syracuse, can exploit.

Just how deep Coach Jim Boeheim can dig into the Orange roster was proved against Villanova when as quickly as the Louie and Bouie Show closed—Louie Orr and a foul-plagued Roosevelt Bouie combined for 13 points—the Danny and Sam Show opened. Danny Schayes came off the bench to contribute a dozen points, and freshman Erich Santifier scored 29 more in a 97-83 Syracuse victory. The performance may have halted a Syracuse slump, but Bouie's tendinitis-afflicted leg may be an insurmountable liability in a matchup against the Maryland-Georgetown winner.

The Terps and Hoyas had to overcome substantial deficits against Tennessee and Iowa, respectively, to set up their battle for the bragging rights to the District of Columbia. This is another rematch, not, but because Maryland Center Buck Williams missed the Terps' Decem-



With dunks like this, Gene Banks and the other

ber loss and because Albert King had not fully displayed his credentials as the best all-round player in the land, might there be a different outcome?

Not really. In Craig (Big Sky) Shelton, Georgetown has an underrated cornerman. In John Duren and Eric (Sleepy) Floyd, the Hoyas have an ideal backcourt. The 6'10", 300-pound Thompson appreciates the value of size and stamina. The Hoyas have won 14 straight by alternating three centers, who will make life miserable for Williams, and by pressing all over in the same numbers and with the same urgency shown by lobby-



Blue Devils made life hellish for the Quakers

ists storming Capitol Hill. Lefty Driesell's Maryland is the best transition team left in the NCAAAs—Greg Manning, the Spider Boy, cracks the whip—but when the shallow Terps foul, they are in trouble. In the Philly primary, here's a vote for Georgetown.

In the Midwest, Louisville's Denny Crum resented the fact that LSU was seeded ahead of his Cardinals, but he recovered from the snub quickly enough to make an incredible coaching move with a second-round game against Kansas State on the line. What Crum did was insert Tony Branch, who had taken

all of 29 shots on the year, for the fouled-out Darrell Griffith and order a twisting, leaning, off-balance 15-footer by Branch that knuckled off the rim and fell into the basket to win the overtime game, 71-69. Ah, genius.

This has been, in truth, Crum's best coaching year. Louisville's lack of height has been overcome with muscle (rebounders Rodney McCray, Derek Smith and one-thumb Wiley Brown), hustle (the maniacal Roger Burkman) and Griffith, whose new, restrained on-court personality has toned down whatever desires his teammates had to continue the Cardinals' Doctors of Dunk image. Zone-breaking shooter Poncho Wright vowed long ago that "the Ville [Louisville] is going to the Nap [Indianapolis, site of the finals]."

Texas A&M, which scored an astounding 25 points in the second overtime of a 78-61 upset of North Carolina, stands in the way. More specifically, the A&M Wall—6'11" Rudy Woods, 6'8" Vernon Smith and 6'6" Rynn Wright—blocks the way with the stingiest defense in the tournament.

Louisville has been vulnerable to strong, inside players, provided the opposition can break the Cards' vaunted 1-2-2 zone press. That places this game in the hands of the Aggies' erratic Guard David Britton, who was brilliant against the Tar Heels but whose shots and passes have scattered the ushers elsewhere.

Purely on discipline, Louisville should advance to get its crack at LSU, assuming the boys from the Bayou happen to notice that Missouri hardly has any players left. Than but disciplined Mazzou received surprising support from 7'2" sub Tom Dore in a 61-51 victory over San Jose State and from emergency fill-in Mark Dressler—32 points!—in an 87-84 shocker of Notre Dame. With everybody collapsing around freshman Center Steve Stipanovich, the Tiggers also are shooting at an NCAA-record pace—57%. But the team can be overpowered physically and out-rushed on the fast break, a stratagem foreign to Big Eight teams.

Meanwhile LSU, having turned back the Braves of Alcorn—"There were a lot of brothers out there," said Rudy Macklin—presents for the Midwest's listening and dancing pleasure: Macklin and Greg (Cookie) Cook inside, Ethan Martin outside and DeWayne (Astronaut) Scales in orbit everywhere.

Coach Dale Brown's high-powered Bengals are fast, strong, deep (take a bow, Willie Sims), adaptable and hungry. They should hurt Missouri every which way, and if Jupiter is aligned with Mars and the Astronaut is under a modicum of control on his turnaround jumpers, they should defeat Louisville.

Which leaves only the West, where Ohio State's 89-75 thrashing of Arizona State, with Center Herb Williams and Guard Kelvin Runsey merging for 50 points, enabled the Buckeyes to become the region's only seeded team to advance.

Clemson-Lamar sounds like a guitar player down at the country-and-western tavern, but it's the size-against-speed matchup that resulted after an underdog afternoon in the Wasatch Range. Clemson, which finished a solid fourth in the ACC because it had only one league victory on the road, won two games from Utah teams in Ogden and immediately applied for Beehive State citizenship. Lamar, on the other hand, simply got far enough ahead of Weber State and Oregon State so that when B. B. Davis, Mike Oliver—that's two I's, as in basketball—and the other Cards began to fold, it was too late for the opposition.

Ohio State should win this regional. But then DePaul should have won this regional. DePaul? Beloved old Ray Meyer warned the Blue Demons that their 26-1 record shouldn't swell their heads. That Mark Aguirre and the rest couldn't just turn it on when they had to. That they weren't all that great. Nobody listened. They'd beaten UCLA once; why shouldn't they do so again?

Because under the calm, smart tutelage of Larry Brown, UCLA's Kiki (Vandeweghe) and the Kids have grown up. Slew Sanders, the former forward and new center, is quick and tough. Rocket Rod Foster may be basketball's fastest human. Hardly terrified, the Bruins controlled the tempo from the beginning with James Wilkes harassing Aguirre while the Muffin Man looked disinterested. When Aguirre finally aroused himself and DePaul rallied to a 67-67 tie, UCLA held fast and converted foul shots, 10 of them, to win 77-71.

Now the Bruins remain as one of the few obstacles preventing Indianapolis from turning into just another Big Ten reunion. Whoever thought anybody would be rooting for little old UCLA to save the NCAA tournament from somebody else's clutches.



*It's Manager Green's view—and at 6' 5" he has a splendid one—that by doing him he'll help*

## THIS GREEN GIANT ISN'T SO JOLLY

*A demanding new manager is making spring training anything but borrrrning for the Phillies*

by LARRY KEITH

**T**he morning had been hot and the workout hard, and now the Philadelphia Phillies were limping into their Clearwater, Fla. clubhouse in search of cool drinks and long showers. Sweat poured, muscles throbbled and tongues lolled. Then, from somewhere in the locker area, came a plaintive cry for relief: "Bring back Danny Ozark."

After seven springs of training under the easygoing Ozark, the Phillies are up

against a rock, new-old manager Dallas Green. Green stands tall—6' 5"—and talks loud—Whispers is his nickname—and on the field he's about as much fun as a drill sergeant.

This dramatic change in style became necessary—so the Philadelphia front office felt—when the Phils, having won the National League Eastern Division cham-

ionship three years in a row, from 1976 to 1978, and having bought expensive insurance on the 1979 title in the form of free agent Pete Rose, swooned last season en route to finishing 14 games behind Pittsburgh. The reason for the collapse was deemed to be complacency, the remedy, shock treatment. Bye-bye, Danny, hello, Dallas.

Although Green managed the Phillies as an interim skipper for the last 30 games of 1979, the difference between his and Ozark's styles has never been in sharper focus than it was last week when the Phillies officially opened spring training at their Carpenter Field complex. Before sending his charges out for their first drills, Green, who was anointed as the fulltime manager in October, informed the players that "you were one of the poorest teams in the majors last year." With that warm sentiment ringing in their ears, the Phils hustled out for a closely watched, well-ordered regimen of hitting, pitching, fielding, fundamentals and running, running. Unlike previous years, there was a long list of noes: no kids on the sidelines, no reporters near the batting cages, no sneaking into the clubhouse for a mid-morning respite and, most assuredly, no playing in the Pasadena Country Club's annual golf tournament.

If Philadelphia is to have any fun in 1980, Green wants it to be in October, not March. And most of the Phillies seem willing to wait. "We've got a tremendous amount of talent on this team," Relief Pitcher Tug McGraw says, "but a Rolls-Royce can't go anywhere without a driver. We haven't had good leadership."

Not so this spring. Notices pinned to bulletin boards spell out the day's marching orders. Signs in the clubhouse shout "We" not "I," and a team meeting is held before every workout. Ozark, who is on the east coast of Florida these days, coaching for the Dodgers, might not recognize his old team. Greg Luzinski reported to camp at 217 pounds, 22 less than a year ago, and even Steve Carlton, a noted abstainer in springs past, is doing some running.

"Danny let the players get away with murder," says Pitcher Dick Ruthven.

"Last spring the players did only what they wanted and then took a hike."

McGraw makes the comparison this way: "Spring training should never be boring, and that's the way it's been in the past—nonchalant, slow-moving and boring."

Not every player agrees. After all, Ozark did manage Philadelphia to those three Eastern Division titles. "I don't need to be motivated," says Centerfielder Garry Maddox. "We had a manager who let us do things our way, and I'd have to say we were successful."

Shortstop Larry Bowa believes Ozark was unfairly blamed for the team's collapse last year. "Daddy did a helluva job as manager, and I don't think a change was necessary," he says. "But I guess we did get into a rut, and Dallas won't let us get complacent because he'll be yelling."

But the man whose opinion really counts in this debate, General Manager Paul Owens, firmly believes that Green can do more with loud provocations than Ozark did with quiet acquiescence. "I think kids want authority," Owens says. "No matter how cool they act, they want rules." Owens acted on this belief last Aug. 31, firing Ozark when the Phillies were in fifth place, 12½ games out. He replaced Ozark with the 45-year-old Green, who had been a relief pitcher with the Phils in the '60s and, having served as Philadelphia's director of minor leagues since 1972, was the heir apparent to Owens' job. In his only other tours as a manager, Green finished fifth at Huron, S. Dak. in 1968 and first at Pulaski, Va. the following season. As the Phillies' interim skipper Green went 19-11 and moved the team from fifth to fourth, but many of the dugout decisions were either made or recommended by Coach Bobby Wine, who knew the Phillies and their opposition much better than Green did.

"Managing was never a big thing to me," Green said last week, after a workout in which he had done some running and thrown batting practice. "I was studying to be a general manager, but Paul became concerned about Danny's reluctance to maintain a steady hold on the team. It became evident we weren't drilled in fundamentals or physically prepared to overcome injuries. We were a lethargic, non-caring team, just going through the motions. The ball club was ripe for Dallas Green."



Philly is bullish about the lighter Lazuski

Green believes he can whip—almost literally—Philadelphia into better shape, sharpen its fundamental skills and make its players more tenacious, more unwilling to yield to the sort of physical and mental breakdowns that occurred last season. He wants the Phillies to be as aggressive as he: more stolen bases, more hit-and-run plays, more sacrifices. (In '79 Philadelphia was last in the league in sacrifice bunts.) When the season starts, the Phillies will hold infield practice before every game, no matter what on-the-field



During workouts, even Carlton is pitching in

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER DODD JR.

promotion the front office has planned, and no players will be sitting at a card table in the clubhouse during batting practice. Once the game starts, neither umpires nor players will be safe from Green's fury.

Green is already on record as saying that if Philadelphia doesn't win the division this year there will be "wholesale changes" in the fall. "I've screamed all along that we have a good team," Green says. "I expect a winner."

And the players know what to expect from him. "If we don't run out a ground ball, we'll hear about it," says Bowa. "In fact, the whole park will. And if Dallas and a player don't agree on something, they can go into a room and scream their lungs out."

So far, Green has managed to keep his yelling to a minimum. He believes the players have shown their determination to do things his way by reporting in good shape and working hard in practice. Lazuski, who hit only 18 home runs in 1979, came to Florida in such good condition that, as one Phillie coach said, "He looks like an athlete." Bowa, who is also trying to come back from an off year—his average last season was .241—has been taking extra batting practice before and after the regular workouts. Carlton still refuses to run sprints with the other pitchers, but he does jog laps and shags flies. "Steve has his own way of getting into shape and I'm satisfied that nobody works harder than he does," says Green. "I tried his method myself, and it almost killed me."

That the Phillies were literally and figuratively on their toes last week was an overdue change for the better. Win or lose, Green's place in the Philadelphia organization is secure even if the players' is not. They know they have no other choice but to do things his way. Maddox, who doesn't like to steal bases because he feels the wear and tear on his legs diminishes his speed on defense, says he will do whatever Green asks. Bowa, who prefers to bat second but has been told he will bat eighth, accepts the demotion with equanimity. Rightfielder Duke McBride and Second Baseman Manny Trillo have convinced Green that they will hustle enough to suit the new manager and not just themselves. If they don't, you can bet that everybody within shouting distance will hear about it.

END

# LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE AT HIALEAH

*Superbity, trained by the venerable Sunshine Calvert, took the year's first major test for 3-year-olds, the Flamingo, but if it proves anything, it is that the outcome of the Derby—and the races leading to it—remains clouded* **by WILLIAM NACK**

All morning long, as his horses marched to and from the track at Hialeah, trainer Melvin (Sunshine) Calvert had puttered after them in his turquoise golf cart, known around the barns as the Sunshine Mobile Express. For hours he wended his way between the sheds and palms and paddock fences, finally coming to a stop at 9.15 just outside his barn. Calvert put his feet up on the dash, like a golfer waiting for his foursome to tee off, and lit up a Kool.

It was a Saturday, four days before he would saddle his shining chestnut colt, Superbity, for the 51st running of the Flamingo Stakes. Behind him, the colt was standing in the doorway of his stall and indulging in a favorite pastime, hustling groom Don Radloff and other soft touches for sugar cubes. Calvert is usually the softest touch of all. But now he was in his golf cart counting the days, waiting for the Flamingo to see what kind of horse he had. "I'm not the type who jumps up and down and says, 'We're going to the Derby,' if a horse runs two or three good races. I like a horse to show me. That's just the way I am. I don't know if Superbity is much horse or not right now. I know he's a nice horse. We'll see how much horse he is in the next month or so."

Presently, at the wheel of his veterinary van, Dr. William O. Reed pulled off the road and came to a stop in front of the Sunshine Mobile Express. Reed had stood Superbity's sire, Groshawk, at his Mare Haven Farm in Ocala, Fla., until last year, when he sold him to George Steinbrenner, the owner of the Yankees.

"How's he doing?" asked Reed, referring to Superbity.

"He's acting good, doing good, eating good. Now we just pray," Calvert said, touching his hands prayerfully together under his chin and looking up to the sky, his voice filled with mock solemnity and his pale blue eyes blinking. "Lord, let the best horse win," Calvert said. Then, with a wink, he added, "as long as he's mine."

Last Wednesday the best horse indeed was his in the 1½-mile Flamingo, and there was no need for divine intervention

to get Superbity home. After tracking the pacesetter, Colonel Moran, to the second turn, Superbity ran by him and won off by himself. Yet it is probably best to heed Calvert's advice and reserve judgment on his horse—as well as all the other 3-year-olds in the country—until the Triple Crown races begin at Churchill Downs on the first Saturday in May. For years the Flamingo has been among Florida's premier stakes races for 3-year-olds, and this year's edition was supposed to establish a line on those currently working in Florida. What the race unequivocally revealed was this, on a deep, tiring surface that recently had been awash with rain, Superbity was many lengths the best colt on the first Wednesday in March at Hialeah, probably even better than his six-length margin of victory would lead one to believe. More generally, the Flamingo also gave off signals that the 1980 colts may be among the most mediocre to come to the track in years. So far there is no indication that any of them can go a final eighth of a mile, even in a middle-distance race, in racehorse time. Mendel never said it was easier to breed a good racehorse than a pea, but this crop seems to express more eloquently than any in recent years the inexactitude of the so-called science of breeding blooded horses.

That puts the 1980 3-year-olds in sharp contrast to the generations of the last several years. Indeed, the 1970s were so deep in talent that many experts regard it as the greatest decade in the history of the sport, perhaps surpassing the 1940s, when Whirlaway, Count Fleet, Assault and Citation won Triple Crowns. There were three Triple Crown winners in the '70s, and each performed in a singular way—Secretariat beating Sham and smashing records in two Triple Crown races in 1973; Seattle Slew winning the series in 1977 while still undefeated; and Affirmed beating back his tenacious foil, Alydar, in the 1978 Triple Crown. In the classics, at least, these extraordinary years culminated in 1979, with Spectacular Bid. Though he lost the Belmont Stakes, and with it the Triple Crown, Bid dominated his gener-

ation as surely as Secretariat and Slew and Alydar and Affirmed dominated theirs. "The last 10 years we've seen some of the greatest horses in the history of racing, and it has spoiled us," says trainer LeRoy Jolley, whose Foolish Pleasure won the 1975 Derby.

It is still far too early to make a definitive judgment on the present crop, because there may still be an unraced Kelso or Stage Door Johnny in it, but for now 1980 appears to be one of those years when the leading 3-year-olds will take turns in the winner's circle. The most promising colts in both California and New York are largely untested, and the Flamingo did little to clarify matters in Florida.

This unsettled situation doesn't concern the unflappable Calvert. He'll just keep steering his golf cart among the



shedrows as he readies his horse for the spring classics. Calvert is 67 years old and has been pointing horses toward racetracks for 48 of them, beginning when he started riding in 1932. He is 4' 11" and 105 pounds, about five pounds over his riding weight. Hardly anyone calls him Melvin. He has gone by Sunshine since 1933, when he was nearing the end of a profitable year as an apprentice rider. At one point in '33 he had \$9,000 saved in a bank. But the bank failed. Then someone stole \$1,500 he had stashed in his room—he had sworn off banks altogether, an oath he would honor for 20 years—and soon after that someone swapped his new Plymouth, a \$630 car. "I was laughing about it in the jock's room one day," says Calvert, "and a journeyman rider, Tex Anderson, said, 'If you can laugh about that, your name should be Sunshine.'"

Calvert gave up riding in 1945, after two serious falls, and started training in 1946. He has had some fine horses. He trained Rough 'n Tumble, a fast colt best known as the sire of Dr. Fager and My Dear Girl, the 2-year-old filly champ of

1959 whom Calvert trained for Frances Genter, the Florida-based breeder and owner. As a broodmare My Dear Girl has continued to enhance the fortunes of Genter's stable and Calvert's career. She is the dam of In Reality, a very able son of Intentionally, as well as of the present star of the barn, Superbity.

His mock pleas to the Almighty notwithstanding, Calvert liked his horse's chances in the Flamingo. Facing him were three hopes and a prayer. The hopes were Rockhill Native, the game but inconsistent 2-year-old champion; an unseasoned but promising Greentree colt named Prince Valiant; and Colonel Moran, a bullet who had won his last start by 10 and was breaking on the rail. The prayer was Koluctoo Bay, a colt who has a bone chip in one knee and a right hock so crooked that from the rear, when he walks, he looks as if he will strike his left leg with his right. Superbity, starting from the outside post with Jacinto Vasquez up, had to get position and save ground, but get it he did. After clearing the field, he swept over toward the rail. Colonel Moran was his. Superbity



Superbity refused to back in Superbity's victory.

tracked him to the far turn, through a sizzling half in :45½, and then went after him. When the Colonel saw Superbity coming, he thought it over and spot out his bit. Prince Valiant went through the motions, all of them slow, to finish ninth. Rockhill Native was a disappointing third, unable to resist poor Koluctoo Bay, who came out of the race with sore front legs. Superbity ran the last eighth in 14½, waltz time, and yet won it drawing away. The final time was 1:51½, the slowest Flamingo in 30 years. "I wouldn't give a damn if it took him till dark, as long as he was in front at the end of it," Calvert said later.

Despite the poor clocking, the Flamingo seemed to heighten interest in the March 29 Florida Derby. Three of last season's more promising 2-year-olds, Gold Stage, the son of a good young sire, Mr. Prospector, Execution's Reason and Plugged Nickel, should meet Superbity on that one, also at a mile and ½.

So there is reason to hope, if not for the coming of a Spectacular Bid, at least for a race in which the winner will finish in respectable time. In the meantime Calvert has Superbity sound and still fresh, and an added attraction, My Dear Girl is 23 now, old for a broodmare, but she's still producing foals for Genter's stable. In the broodmare barn at Tartan Farm, an hour and a half after her son won the Flamingo, My Dear Girl celebrated the triumph in the only way she knows how. On hearing the good news, Calvert rubbed his hands together outside the barn at Hialeah and said, "She laid down, granted once and foaled a filly by Mr. Prospector!"

END

After Vasquez showed Superbity the whip in the stretch, the colt went on to win by six lengths.



## YET ANOTHER MOUNTAIN TO CLIMB





*The defending NBA champion Sonics are near the top in the standings, but will they be able to peak for the playoffs?*

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

Fred Brown had barely touched his salad, had picked at his broccoli all evening, and he kept halfheartedly pushing a dead duck around his plate as if he had known its family personally. Every time Brown speared a morsel with his fork he looked it over unenthusiastically, as if he thought somebody might be trying to slip him yesterday's brisket of monkey. Finally he shoved his plate away. "We're definitely not as hungry this year," he said, referring not to the duck, but to the Seattle SuperSonics, of whom he is captain. "Last year we were building a mountain, and when you're hungry that hard you can't help but be hungry. This season has been different."

With the start of the NBA playoffs less than three weeks away, the question most often asked around the league these days is whether Seattle, the defending champion, will be doing any serious mountain climbing this year. Or, to put it another way, are the Sonics past their peak, so to speak?

What makes all this so fascinating is that Seattle is trying to become the first NBA team to successfully defend its title in the past 11 years. Nobody has won back-to-back championships since the Boston Celtics—who else?—did it in 1968 and '69. "We all know we want to repeat," says Guard Dennis Johnson, "and everybody in Seattle knows we want to repeat. Now we've got to quit talking about it and make it happen."

There have been times this season

when it appeared that the Sonics were off somewhere looking for their lost intensity, and for a few fairly thrilling moments in late February it was anybody's guess which players had contacted their answering services and left wake-up calls for the playoffs. After sleepwalking through four losses in five games during one particularly gruesome stretch two weeks ago, the champs looked like chumps and seemed about to yawn so hard through the rest of the regular season that they would break their game faces.

Since then, however, Seattle has won four of six games, including two out of

four last week on the road, where the Sonics have put together a fairly impressive 22-16 record this season. Even more encouraging should have been the fact that Seattle was seven wins ahead of last season's regular-season pace, with seven of the last eight games to be played at home in the Kingdome. Yet, in spite of all these positive vibrations, joy in Soniland last week was not exactly what one would describe as unconfined. That's probably because no one was sure if this year's playoffs would be a boom or a bust, especially considering that the opposition, notably Boston, Philadelphia and Los Angeles, appears to be

*continued*

*Shelton's a hard charger at forward—maybe too hard, because he's often benched by foul trouble.*



*Silva, here outdueling Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, says he sometimes has trouble getting psyched*



Johnson vs. Johnson: D.J. shows Magic a trick

much stronger than it was last season.

If anything has surprised and troubled the Sonics more than their periodic lapses of concentration, it has been the lack of fear they've inspired in teams that are supposed to tremble at the mere thought of playing the defending world champions. But nooooooo. Seattle has a 7-7 record against such non-juggernauts as Chicago, New Jersey, San Diego and the late, great, lately not-so-great, Washington Bullets—teams with a combined win-loss record of 119-161 this season. "These other teams want us bad," says Brown, in a familiar lament of champions. "It bothers me to see them thinking that we've gotten so cocky they can beat us." Coach Lenny Wilkens, too, has been concerned by the Sonics' inability to beat weaker teams consistently. "We have to let those teams know they can't play with us," he says.

Los Angeles Forward Jim Chones got downright nasty about it recently and implied that Seattle is over the hill. "I think everybody is hung up on what the Sonics did last year," Chones said. "I don't think they are as good a team as they were." Then, just to make sure every one got the picture, Chones contributed 16 points as the Lakers devastatingly shot down the sub-Sonics Seattleites 131-108.

Being pounded so ruthlessly by its main challengers was bad enough from Seattle's point of view, but adding to the worries engendered by the loss was the fact that the Sonics gave such a pallid, un-

emotional performance in so critical a game. Emotion may seem like an odd word to use in any discussion of the NBA regular season, which can turn even the most animated player into a zombie. Standard procedure, as almost any San Antonio Spar can tell you, is to maintain the absolute minimum level of intensity throughout the interminable pre-playoff action without actually having Hot Rod Hundley declare you legally dead. When Seattle tried to light some emotional flares for its showdown in Los Angeles, the Sonics discovered they had neglected to keep their powder dry. "The L.A. game was a good slap in the face," says Center Jack Sikma. "We realized we were fooling ourselves, figuring we could dance right into the division title." Dance, indeed. The Lakers and Sonics have been cheek-to-cheek for months; at the end of last week L.A. had a half-game lead in the Pacific Division.

Still, Sikma, who has blossomed into the fifth-best rebounder in the league—11.1 a game—and one of the most complete big men in the NBA, concedes that it is much more difficult to psych himself up for defending the Sonics' title than it was to get up for winning it in the first place. "I know I'm playing with a degree less emotion than last year," he says. "But it's not like you can throw a switch and just turn it on."

"In this league, it's very, very hard to flip switches on and off," Brown says. "I think guys forget what made them win, what got them on top. It's very easy to forget those things after you've won a world championship."


What got Seattle on top last year was its defense, which was at once the stingiest and the most physical in the league. Though the Sonics' drop has only been from first to third in the team-defense statistics, there have been prolonged and at times costly lapses this season. Three weeks ago in Kansas City, Seattle blew an eight-point lead with less than three minutes remaining and wound up losing to the Kings 107-105. "I don't think we're as aggressive this year," says Lonnie Shelton, Seattle's 6' 8", 245-pound power forward. "Last year we beat people up all the time, but this season we don't always go into a game thinking we're going to be the most physical team out there."

Perhaps the best gauge of how important defense can be to the Sonics' game occurred last week in a 127-111 loss at

continued



These not-so-happy fellows, Wilkens (left) and Wilkens, reflect some of the Sonics' tough times.



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Phoenix. After breaking to a 34-24 advantage in a near-flawless first quarter, Seattle relaxed defensively against the Suns' sharpshooters and found themselves trailing 63-59 at the half. Seattle then scored the first 11 points of the second half before Shelton picked up his third and fourth fouls in the space of a minute and, as has often been the case, was forced to the bench. Shelton, who has averaged only 30 minutes a game, scored just four of his 18 points in the second half. More important, without his defense and imposing presence on the boards, Seattle's running game sputtered to a standstill, generating no fast-break baskets during the entire half.

Wilkins, for one, feels the Sonics' defense may have been a casualty of the championship. "For two straight years we played defense like nobody ever has," he says, "and I'm not talking about slowing the ball up to keep the score down. But when you have the kind of success we've had, I wonder if you're willing to work hard enough to play that way."

On paper, at least, it seems that whatever shortcomings the Sonics may have developed on defense have been offset by the team's increased offensive production. In 1978-79 there were only three teams in the NBA that scored fewer points than the Sonics, but this season Seattle ranks 11th in the league. However, that apparent improvement may have contributed to the Sonics' recent difficulties.

Both Dennis Johnson (19.1 points a game) and Gus (Skindome) Williams (22.4) are having the best offensive seasons of their careers, and with Brown, the ageless sideman in this estimable trio, they give Seattle an average output from the backcourt of 53 points. Johnson may now be the most versatile guard to play in the NBA since Jerry West; he provides not only scoring but also defense and rebounding. Williams and Brown are both offensive virtuosos—Williams scored all 16 of Seattle's points during one stretch of a game with Denver this season—and each of the threesome seems confident that any shot he takes is a good one, if for no other reason than that he is taking it. Occasionally this cockiness produces disastrous results, as in a 101-98 overtime loss to Philadelphia two weeks ago in which the Seattle guards shot 15 of 51. In last week's defeat by Phoenix, Williams and Johnson went 13 for 39.

"When there's not much time left on

the shot clock," says Philadelphia Backcourtman Lionel Hollins, "their guards tend to take it upon themselves to do something, and usually it's from the outside." Dennis Johnson, in particular, has often been guilty of galloping overconfidence. "Sometimes he gets so psyched up he wants to tear the other team apart all by himself," says Wilkins.

Wilkins felt that urge at times during his lustrous 15-year playing career. Certainly he never felt it more strongly than when his Hawks were about to play the defending world-champion Boston Celtics. "I couldn't wait, literally couldn't wait to get out there on the same floor with them," Wilkins recalls. The Celtics not only had eight good players when no other team had more than four, says Wilkins, but they also established their incredible reign of 10 championships in 12 years at a time when there were only eight to 10 teams in the NBA and the schedule permitted more leisurely travel. Today the league has more teams, more talent, better scouting and an arduous schedule that makes winning a championship less a beauty contest than a test of survival. "Some teams will be good, some will contend more than once," says Wilkins. "But I don't believe we're ever going to see a dynasty again."

John Johnson, the Sonics' lynx-eyed forward, was less concerned with talk of dynasties last week than he was about the breakfast of champions—in this case, cornflakes, bananas and cream—that he had just sent back to the kitchen because the cream was warm. "We're not a damn machine," said Johnson. "We can't play well every night. When you win a championship, people put you on a pedestal. They expect you to maintain that same kind of efficiency year round."

A few days earlier in a game against Utah in Salt Lake City, a heckler got on Johnson about his shooting as Johnson checked into the game. "See you a few bricks later," the loudmouth told Johnson. J.J. looked at the man, held up his unadorned hand and said, "I've got this [championship] ring I want to show you after the game."

"That was last year," the heckler called back.

Johnson gave the fan one more long, hard look, and, as he stood up to walk out on the floor, muttered something. The man was laughing too loudly to hear Johnson say, "We'll see about that, we'll just see."

END

# People want what's in Sports Illustrated



# GAME FOR A BLOODY GOOD GAME

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**R**ugby may be the only game in the U.S. that is best known for its uniform. Those broad-striped shirts with prim white collars certainly are more frequently seen than a scrum, but on California's Monterey Peninsula this weekend the game will be paramount as 800 players from the U.S. and abroad gather for the 22nd renewal of the Monterey Rugby Festival on the Collins Polo Fields. Of course, a fair amount of beer will be drunk before, between and after games because, as much as anything, rugby in the U.S. is a social occasion; the players expect to have as good a time as the spectators. Which may go a long way toward explaining why the game has gained such popularity. Only a decade ago it was estimated that there were maybe 10,000 ruggers, tops, in this country; now that number has soared to 100,000. And as the pictures on the following pages suggest, nowhere will the game be played with more élan than at Monterey.

On a "line out," the San Francisco RFC waits for the ball to be tossed into play





It's a game to sink your teeth into.

When the ball pops out of the clot of a scrum, free-flowing play will resume.







Sacramento (in red) prepares to defend as a San Jose player feeds off

Gained one black badge of courage

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN MCDERMOTT



Cuts are common, serious injury rare

A groggy Loughborough player must prove he can tell "how many fingers"



## ODD INDIANS IN THE SANCTUARY

**P**roper matrons will look up their daughters and avert their eyes from the inevitable indelicate bumper stickers as play begins at Monterey. As one of them said not long ago, "Rugby players are beer drinkers; some of them even use abusive language." And it is true that the ruggerers do not generally contemplate their contusions and concussions while sipping pale sherry and writing odes to butterflies. Perhaps the old saying, "Rugby is a hooligan's game played by gentlemen," is an apt description. As one rugby man said last week, "Those people have nothing to fear from us. I feel like an Indian in a forest when I go to Monterey. Who's gonna trash the joint? I wouldn't so much as drop a piece of paper on the ground."

Be that as it may, when scores of rugby players face others in close proximity to the estates of Firestones, Westinghouses

and Crockers, one must anticipate a discreet shudder or two.

But in many ways rugby is an ideal game for the peninsula. Bawdy songs and cauliflower ears have never been the game's essence, popular notions to the contrary. Ruggerers do not rumble with fans and they rarely take joy in hitting and hurting each other; they even address the referee as "Sir." "Rugby is a game of strategy, sophistication and dedication," says one participant. "We want to beat a guy, not kill him." And rugby is a pretty game to watch, especially at Monterey, where natural beauty is all around and the forests and the sea always seem bathed in a special light.

The tournament is a two-day blizzard of stripes—four games always under way—up and down the lush, green Collins Polo Fields, where the air is heady with sage, salt mist and wood smoke.

Last year, on the first day of play, a Saturday, the James Bay Athletic Association of Victoria was on its way to a 9-0 victory over the San Francisco Rugby Club when a deer ran onto the field. It bounded about in a state of panic, and finally leaped a fence and disappeared in the woods. A San Francisco man said, "We could use him. Maybe we'd score." A half an hour later a swarm of bees buzzed the players, who fell to the grass and covered their heads.

Late that afternoon two foreign teams had made it to the semifinals, and the editor of *Rugby magazine*, Ed Hagerty, was saying, "If those guys get to tomorrow's finals it will disappoint a lot of people. It will be like having apple pie made of English apples and French ice cream." One of the two foreign teams, Vancouver's Thunderbird RC, thereupon shut out Berkeley's Old Blues RC, top seed in the tournament, 10-0. Now it was up to San Francisco's Bay Area Touring Side to knock off the other foreign power, England's Loughborough University RFC, to put some American pie on the plate. The BATS scored first, and led 4-0 at the half. But when they switched goals

Loughborough got the uphill end of the pitch and a favoring wind at its back, and it came back to win 6-4. Humble pie for the U.S.

The Monterey tournament was begun in 1959 primarily to enable teams from Northern and Southern California to play at a site relatively convenient to both. The peninsula is 110 miles closer to San Francisco than Los Angeles, but even San Diego sides have never balked at making the long drive to a spot of such spectacular beauty.

The tournament's co-sponsors are the Monterey Jaycees and the Northern California Rugby Football Union, which stipulate that 16 of the 32 teams must be from the north. There are never that many from the south—the other 16 must also include at least a few from other sections of the country, as well as foreign sides—but the north-south rivalry is still strong. "Ever have two foreign teams in the finals before?" a northerner was asked, and he replied, "Yes, twice, both times from L.A."

On Sunday afternoon Loughborough and the TBirds played for the championship and Loughborough won 4-0. Loughborough concluded its U.S. visit with a victory in San Francisco over that city's RFC side. Both Loughborough and the Thunderbirds subsequently were invited to return this weekend, but neither was able to make the trip. However, James Bay, which finished sixth in 1979, will be there. So will a side from Sydney, the Eastern Suburbs, said to be "very strong." The selectors, not having seen the Aussies play, have seeded them No. 5. The BATS, winners in 1976 and third-place finishers last year, have been seeded first.

So Monterey is teed up for another big weekend, and Bob Campbell, director of public relations for the Pebble Beach Corporation, has issued his annual tournament wisecrack: "Rugby is the only body-contact activity we admit to having here."

—DAN LEVIN

Loughborough's tour ended at Golden Gate Park against San Francisco RFC

**'THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO  
THINK I'M A PHONY AND NOW THEY  
THINK THEY HAVE THE PROOF'**

So says Joe Paterno, who was sorely tested in his 14th year  
as football coach at Penn State by DOUGLAS S. LDONEY



Joe Paterno is seated in the kitchen of his home. Outside, snow is falling. The 1979 football season, Paterno's 14th as head coach of Penn State, is over. It was not a triumph for Paterno and he knows his own shortcomings must be blamed in part. But he ruminates at being labeled a sham. "There is hypocrisy in me. And a little of the con man and actor, too. Look, I'm not trying to fool anybody. But I want things to be difficult. It's more fun to win with handicaps. If you have the

best players and no problems and you win, that doesn't intrigue me."

Paterno, therefore, should be about as intrigued as he can be these days at Penn State, a school with one of the classiest football reputations in the land. He doesn't have the best players (which is nothing new), he is trying to emerge from beneath an avalanche of problems (which is), and he is getting considerable flak for his 1979 record of 8-4—estimable numbers at many a school but of unthinkable mediocrity in State College, Pa.

Last fall's season was most un-Penn-State-like, and was all the more aggravating coming as it did immediately after the undefeated Nittany Lions had played Alabama in the Sugar Bowl for the national championship—and lost. In 1979 Penn State football players flunked out of school, were arrested and disobeyed Paterno's orders. One even had a bullet whizzing by him. Signs of the time, you might say. But this was no University of New Mexico. This was Penn State, holier-than-thou Pennsylvania State University, where Billy Budd would have to prove himself before being issued shoulder pads. A Penn State assistant professor and all-out Paterno admirer, Milton J. Berstein, says, "We are a victim of our own image. Nothing ever goes wrong here. Suddenly, we're falling apart. Well, I guess we were due for a little bad luck."

And a little crowing from a few of Paterno's earlier colleagues. Yes, sir, that pious Joe Paterno and his goody-goody football program are getting their lumps at last.

Every coach in the country would deny deriving any pleasure from Penn State's problems. But as one privately admits, "Let's tell the truth. Every coach hates every other coach."

If that be true, they must be finding inordinate satisfaction in Penn State's miseries. Paterno not only has the best winning percentage (.817) of all coaches with 10 years' service or more, but he also has made a big deal over the years of preaching that college football should be played by kids who are honest-to-God students first and athletes second. In a speech a few years ago to Penn State's graduating class Paterno said, "We play with enthusiasm and recklessness. We aren't afraid to lose. If we win, great,

wonderful—and the alumni are happy for another week. But, win or lose, it is the competition that gives us pleasure." Says another rival coach, "It's enough to make us all throw up."

Paterno calls his method of coaching—with the emphasis on books first, football second—the Grand Experiment. Such a title seems to imply that other coaches traffic in something considerably less grand. Today Paterno says, "The Grand Experiment is kind of in disrepute."

The glee over Paterno's discomfiture is in proportion to the adoring press he had heretofore received. The uncritical nature of that acclaim, attributable in part to the fact that State College is situated somewhere south of oblivion and thus is not under the daily scrutiny of big-city reporters, was widely resented. The more so, perhaps, because Paterno's reputation for integrity and coaching skill was entirely warranted.

When the usually tough 60 Minutes team tackled Paterno in 1978, the resulting segment could have been used as a Penn State recruiting film. Conceded one CBS staffer, "We only do shows like that on guys who die."

But that was yesterday. Now the Penn State football community is learning that what goes up comes down, and nobody is more candid about that physical law than Paterno. "The players were disappointed last year in Joe Paterno," he says. "I understand. I was disappointed in myself."

The trouble began last summer when a former Penn State football player, Todd Hodne, was arrested on a series of rape charges. Then, on the first day of fall practice, Paterno announced that three starting defensive players were academically ineligible—All-America Safety Pete Harris (brother of Steeler Running Back Franco, a 1972 Penn State graduate), who in 1978 led the nation in interceptions with 10, Cornerback Karl McCoy and Middle Guard Frank Case. Harris was a stunning loss, but Paterno was his usual blunt self, saying, "He was a goof-off in high school and he was a goof-off here. What could I do about it? I don't care whose brother he is."

Then Defensive Tackle Matt Millen, one of the nation's best linemen and a co-captain, quit in the middle of an early-fall running drill, saying he couldn't do it. Paterno took away his captaincy. Yet Mil-

continued



As much as ever, Paterno believes his football players must be students as well as athletes

len and Paterno have remained close, and Matt now says, "I was at fault for not pushing myself. I was wrong. Dead wrong. Totally wrong. Personally, I think it set the tone for the team last year and, psychologically, it hurt the team. It was awful. Every time something would start to go good, something bad would happen. We would start up the ladder and somebody would knock out the bottom rung."

Two days later Milien made the required run easily. Says Paterno, "Matt will be very careful the rest of his life before he says 'I can't.'" The coach adds, "I so miscalculated the role of continuing leadership on the squad."

Then starting Offensive Tackle Bill Dugan and Reserve Tackle Bob Hladun were spotted by a university policeman as they sat on a campus bench drinking beer, a violation of a hoary university rule. "The stupidity of it drives me up the wall," says Paterno. "But as a result we lost our concentration during the week." Both players were suspended from the ensuing Texas A&M game, which the Nittany Lions lost 27-14. Not long afterward, reserve Tailback Leo McClelland, who had the notion that he was a Heisman candidate, quit the team in a huff.

And then one night in midseason, junior Tailback Booker Moore—who that afternoon had had his biggest game ever, 166 yards and three touchdowns against

West Virginia—put his car over a curb on campus and was arrested for drunk driving. "So I dropped him for a week," sighs Paterno. "Again we lose our concentration and the next game [to Miami, 26-10]."

That wasn't the end of it. Reserve Fullback Dave Paffenroth got into a fight with another student after he was told he couldn't attend a dormitory party. He sat down for a week. Says Paterno, "We're dealing with aggressive kids; we encourage this aggressiveness and then we get mad when we can't saddle them. Maybe the fault is with us."

Which brings us to Memphis and the Liberty Bowl. Paterno told his players that one major rule at bowl games—which are supposed to be fun, remember—is to be on time for the first team meeting. Two players were late, and Paterno sent them home. Before the game could be played, a reserve tight end, Bill LeBlanc, wandered into a private house. A shot was fired. LeBlanc said he was looking for a place to sleep. Strange, he already had a room at the Hyatt Regency. He was charged with first-degree burglary, and by some accounts was lucky he hadn't been killed. In late January, LeBlanc was put on six months' unsupervised probation and charged with \$48.50 in court costs after pleading guilty to a reduced charge of malicious mischief.

"Suddenly it seemed like we were all a bunch of felons down here," says Dave Baker, the Penn State sports information director. And while skeptics have long cried that Penn State can hide its indiscretions because it's out in the boones, Paterno insists, "We have never covered up things around here. We just didn't have problems." Indeed, he says the last time he could recall a player becoming academically ineligible was 12 years ago. Confirmation comes from Charlie Pittman, a star halfback on State's undefeated teams of 1968 and '69, who says, "We just never got involved in predicaments."

Paterno's brother, George, who teaches physical education at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy in Kings Point, N.Y., says, "The imperfections of our society caught up to my brother. It's unbelievable that he kept things under control for so long."

And not inconceivable that he will get on top of things again, perhaps as soon as April, when spring practice starts. Paterno has spent many hours in soul-searching and has concluded that there was "a little slipping in discipline. There wasn't that fear—which is a terrible word to use—but there wasn't that fear of Paterno." Pittman echoes that thought from a different perspective, that of a player. He says, "Deep down, all athletes yearn for discipline."

*continued*



*At squad meetings Paterno realized he had come to think of his '79 team as "a bunch of jackasses."*



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But one man's discipline is another's harassment. Several years ago the style was for Penn State students to wear no socks. Paterno insisted on socks. The players flouted the rule, but only when they were certain they wouldn't encounter Paterno. But Joe is not generally considered to be rigid. "If anything, I'm flexible," he says. "Sometimes I even change just for the sake of changing, which drives my staff nuts."

Another cause of the difficulties, in Paterno's mind, is that he ended up with too many players who wanted to be professionals. He detests the idea that he runs a farm team for the NFL, though, of course, in a sense he does. Penn State has acquired the unwanted nickname Linebacker U. Thirty-one former Penn Staters are active pros, nine of them linebackers. Paterno has burnished his reputation by turning down lucrative offers to coach in the NFL, and he wishes his players, like him, were less entranced by the prospect of pro careers. He knows, however, that that is unrealistic. "My high school gave me an award for something, and it was a Don Quixote statue," Paterno says. "The Romantic period is my period, O.K.?"

O.K., and that in part explains why it is that when Paterno talks of the pros (he could have been the New England Patriots' head coach some years ago, the Giants' in 1978, and serious feelers from NFL teams arrive in State College almost every year) one has the impression he would like to wash his hands and rinse his mouth out. In the middle of last season's woes, with the Baltimore Colts hot on his trail, Paterno once again mullied over the idea of going to the pros, "but I came to the conclusion I wouldn't be happy if I wasn't coaching in State College."

Although he is committed to staying on—seven to 10 more years as coach, he vows—he is increasingly concerned about the character of his recruits. "Values have changed," he says. "They are a little bit more selfish. They have to understand that giving themselves to a group means getting more in return. Also, young people today are reluctant to get involved in someone else's life. But we can't win with everybody just going his own way."

"I think we mistakenly recruited some athletes who didn't understand that I meant what I said. Somehow they felt that 'Paterno talks a good game but...'



A harsh Sugar Bowl defeat and disciplinary problems helped isolate Paterno from his players

We have got to reevaluate our recruits. Do they have the ability to pass up a good time? The real problem is the permissiveness they grow up under now. And once they come to the campus, I have to be a whole lot better at understanding their problems and what they want. I was inconsistent. I jumped on people very quickly. Too quickly. The point is, it's their team, not my team. I didn't get that point across."

Paterno continues. "I hate the freshman-eligible rule, but, see, if I had enough guts I'd say that, regardless, freshmen aren't going to play here. But that's how I'm hypocritical. I don't say that, because it would hurt our recruiting and our football team."

Time was when Paterno spent 20 minutes or so in the home of a recruit, telling a few jokes and gauging his man, and then left—a style befitting a legend. These days he sometimes spends an entire afternoon sizing up a prospect.

Sever (Tor) Toretta, a former recruiter for Penn State, now a fund-raiser, says, "It's remarkable we didn't have these things in the past. After all, Joe wants to give a player a chance to manage his own life and to grow. He says, 'Don't do anything that will embarrass yourself, the team or the university.' Unfortunately, we had players who embarrassed all three."

"After they had embarrassed them-

selves," Paterno says, "they needed support, but they felt I wasn't there." That became apparent to him in a series of meetings with the players he had in December to find out what went wrong and to determine what should be done. They told him that they couldn't come to him because he always seemed too busy. That's a valid point, and Paterno may have compounded the difficulty last January by accepting the additional responsibility of being athletic director. In some quarters there was criticism that Paterno, who already had considerable power at Penn State, now had even more.

In those December meetings the players also told Paterno that when they did see him, he was too abrupt, abrasive, unsympathetic; that he had temper tantrums, that his assistants also had lost contact with individual players. Said one player plaintively, "We're not as bad as you think we are. We're good kids." That statement made an impact on Paterno. Today he says, "I probably didn't like them for a while and it showed. It was embarrassing and disappointing. I admit I got to thinking of that bunch as a group of jackasses."

Which, of course, is how players often view a coach. Lydell Mitchell, a 1972 Penn State graduate now a San Diego Charger running back, says, "I enjoyed playing for him much more after I was through playing for him." Says Pitman,

continued

"There is not any like or love for Joe by the players. But he gets you on top of your game. If a coach wants love, he also gets losing. What Joe wants is your best effort, that's all." Denny Onkotz, a linebacker in the late '60s, says, "Like any coach, Joe has to make decisions for the good of the team, and that means bad things for the individual." But Middle Guard Bruce Clark, who won the Lombardi Award as outstanding lineman or linebacker in 1978, says of Paterno, "He is everything he is supposed to be." Basically, the players are right. If a guy wants friends, he can go bowling; if he wants to win in big-time competition, sacrifices must be made.

It would appear that Paterno had lost his own enthusiasm for the game last season, and that could be damaging to his program nowadays when the top schools are so nearly even in talent.

Paterno and most everyone else at Penn State were terribly depressed by the Sugar Bowl defeat of Jan. 1, 1979. The game was so close, with the Grand Experiment on the verge of proving its worth, yea, its sanctity. Then, by a score of 14-7, it was gone. "Frankly," says Paterno, "I didn't get over the loss until the middle of last season and that was only when my wife chided me, 'Joe, the Alabama game is over. It's just another game you lost.'"

During the 1979 season the Penn State secondary was vulnerable to any team with a modicum of passing ability; the Lions had neither speed nor quickness; there were quarterback troubles, nobody stepping forward to take command. Richie Lucas, an All-America quarterback for Penn State in the late '50s, says, "There's such a thing as a good 8-4 and a poor 8-4. We had a poor 8-4."

But hear Oklahoma's Barry Switzer. "If there are fans up there who can't handle 8-4, they ought to go watch soccer," he says. "I mean, it's ridiculous. If people are getting unhappy with Joe Paterno, they've lost all perspective. This profession has peaks and valleys, but 8-4 isn't a valley. Besides, Joe is a different breed from most of us. He's intelligent and articulate."

John Majors, the former Pitt coach who is now at Tennessee, lauds Paterno. "To recruit against him, you have to reach to a higher level for yourself," he says. Syracuse Coach Frank Maloney praises the "classy program" at Penn State. He says there is "nothing in this

world I'd rather do than beat Joe Paterno. But you have to remember that nobody is a god in this business. And a little adversity never hurt anybody. I think every coach should experience both the joy and sadness in this profession—even Joe." Jimmy Johnson, head man at Oklahoma State and a former assistant at Pittsburgh, admits to the frustration of trying to recruit against Paterno. "Sometimes Pitt people wonder if Joe is for real," he says.

In athletic/academic philosophy, Notre Dame is the school closest to Penn State. Coach Dan Devine says, "Any good program has a family feeling. Joe reacted to his troubles like all of us do with our own kids, whom we love very dearly. It hurts and it makes you mad." Though Penn State and Notre Dame seek many of the same athletes, Devine says, "The main thing about recruiting against Joe is you know he won't break the rules. It's like playing golf with a guy who doesn't kick the ball out of the rough. It's more fun and everybody feels better afterward."

**S**till, not all published comment has been sympathetic. After last season it finally got to Pitt Coach Jackie Sherrill, who suffers over being cooped up in the same commonwealth as Paterno. Following a cocktail-party conversation in which several reporters took part, Sherrill was quoted in *The New York Times* as saying of Paterno, "He's told too many people too long how to run their programs. Now look. Penn State plays great football and always will under Joe. I just hope now they will stop criticizing all of us for being human, too." Today Sherrill says he can't recall whether he said those things or not. So what does he think of Paterno? "I have nothing but good things to say."

In truth, Sherrill's outburst was prompted by Paterno. Always a friend—yes, the darling—of the media, Joe ritually gathered press people he trusted each Friday night before a game, often in his own hotel suite. There he discussed strategy, injuries, things to watch for—all in absolute candor. One rule: it was off the record. But at a session last fall somebody asked him about running for political office. He harrumphed that was not in his game plan because he wouldn't want to leave college coaching "to the Switzers and Sherrills." That crack made quick time to Pittsburgh and Norman.

Because of the furor that resulted, Paterno says he no longer will have his Friday night gatherings. "Fool me once, shame on you," he says. "Fool me twice, shame on me." Paterno has never been accused of being anybody's fool.

Nor Penn State of being less than battle-ready, until 1979. The season soured, suggests Bruce Clark, because "it got so we were wondering who was going to be in trouble this week. Man, that's just not like us." Lydell Mitchell says, "This was all very uncharacteristic of Penn State. But life goes on. I think the lesson learned is that problems are prevented by winning."

Another thing that is prevented by winning is criticism of the coach. Now, for the first time, there is active sniping at Paterno in State College. And, heaven forbid, even boos. Yup, they were booing Joe Paterno in College Station last fall.

They booed because they didn't like his quarterback, Doyle Tate; they booed because after 14 years they had become tired of watching Penn State run off tackle; they booed because they don't like losing—even four games. Even George Paterno concedes, "Joe's going to have to open up the offense. They've got to be less predictable."

The fact is, Penn State could use an imaginative offensive coordinator rather than have Paterno continue in that role. Paterno adopted a conservative mode of offense because for years Penn State played soft schedules, with only an occasional biggie. His brother says, "When you have the best players, all you have to do is block the same play five different ways."

Now tougher schedules are in the offing. This fall the Nittany Lions play Texas A&M, Nebraska and Missouri on consecutive Saturdays. In 1981 Penn State takes on Nebraska, Missouri, Alabama, Notre Dame, Pittsburgh and North Carolina State. "It's no fun," says Joe, "unless you beat the big guys. We're not going to win all our games. That's stupid to even think about. But we're going to have fun playing." See, there's that previous Paterno again.

The fun had better include a few good victories. Beaver Stadium, built 20 years ago, will expand from 76,600 to 86,000 seats this autumn and could soon be enlarged to seat 92,000. Losing won't fill those seats. Football revenues at Penn State in 1979 totaled \$4.8 million. Fun to a bottom-liner is seeing revenues grow.

continued

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\*\*EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GS Model with 3-speed transmission. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. California, 16 estimated mpg, 27 estimated highway mpg. Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.

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**24** EST. **33** EST\*\*  
mpg hwy mpg

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In short, you do owe it to yourself to look at a Mazda 626 before you buy any sport coupe or sport sedan. And the more you look, the more you like.

**A short look at the Mazda 626's long list of standard features.**

• 2.0 litre overhead cam 4-cylinder engine • Power-assisted front disc



brakes • Steel-belted radial tires • 5-speed overdrive transmission (3-speed automatic optional) • AM/ FM stereo radio • 60/40 split fold-down rear seat back • Driver's reclining bucket seat with adjustable lumbar support • Electric remote trunk lid release • Front stabilizer bar • Tinted glass • Rear window defroster • Reminder chime for headlights left on • Visor vanity mirror • Heater duct for rear-seat passengers. Sport Coupe only—Rear stabilizer bar • Electronic check panel • Tachometer • Electric remote control for door mirror.

\*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. RX-7, 5-Door GLC Custom, B2000 Sun-downer slightly higher in California. Actual prices established by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. Wide alloy wheels shown extra. 626 Coupe \$340, RX-7 \$275-\$295. All prices subject to change without notice.

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**29** EST. mpg **39** EST.\*\* hwy mpg

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  - Electric rear-window defroster • Woodgrain instrument panel.
- Options on GLC Custom include 5-speed (standard on 5-door Hatchback in California), 3-speed automatic and Convenience Group.

\*\*EPA estimates for comparison purposes.

The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. GLC estimates apply to all GLC models with 4-speed transmission. GLC Sport with 5-speed, 20 estimated mpg, 42 estimated highway mpg.

GLC Custom Wagon \$4545\*



5-Door GLC Custom \$4245\*

GLC Sport \$4795\*



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**27** EST. mpg **37** EST.\*\* hwy mpg

Sundowner gives you a whole lot more than just the things you

naturally expect of a truck. (Like the room and ruggedness to haul cargo around.) A whole lot of truck for not a whole lot of money.

B2000 Sundowner standard features. Lookin' good.

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\*\*EPA estimates for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. California, 28 estimated mpg, 35 estimated highway mpg.

**mazda**  
The more you look,  
the more you like.



B2000 Sundowner \$5195\*

Fun to Penn State partisans, apart from winning, is analyzing Paterno's every move. Those who do not assert that he is perfect have a list of quibbles: he sticks too long with his seniors, out of loyalty, when there are better underclassmen on the team; he is slow to admit he needs help; he sees too much good in every person. Gramps brother George, who calls himself Joe's biggest critic, "I know people who are real bastards, and we'll get to talking about one of them and Joe will say, 'He's a nice guy.'"

But the biggest single criticism of Paterno is his air of righteousness. Says George, "Is he too pious? Absolutely. If you don't wear a backward collar, it's hard to get away with poetry." Says Joe, "I don't like to put myself up as a dog-gooder, but I am. We have an obligation to try to make these athletes better people. If a kid goes through here and can't read and write but can knock people down, is that good? We've got more of an obligation than that."

In truth, Joe Paterno cares about learning—book learning, not just Xs and Os. But, like all coaches, he must grapple with a developing crisis that has resulted in scandal at some schools and the potential for trouble at all. Many athletes aren't making it academically. Many of these never really figured it. Yet the pressures to win are such that coaches and academic administrators take risks with superior athletes who have inadequate educational backgrounds. Too many of them, of course, do a lot more.

McCoy, one of the three starters in the Penn State defensive backfield who were declared academically ineligible, was one of five black football players admitted in 1977 who did not meet Penn State's entrance requirements. However, they easily met the NCAA standard, a 2.0 high school average. McCoy failed, the other four are doing fine. "We are fighting a lily-white look here," says Paterno. "And among that group of five that I asked to have specially admitted, only one was a super high school athlete. As for the other four, we easily could have gotten white players as good or better who were fully qualified." To get them in, Joe went to University President John Oswald and said, "Let's take a chance on some kids who are good bets."

Paterno does concede that "other students don't have somebody going to bat for them to get them admitted, so that's a break for the football player."

And it's true that a football player can gain entrance to the main campus at State College while a non-athlete with identical grades might have to go to a satellite campus to earn the privilege of attending the mother institution. Once at Penn State, athletes get all the tutoring they require. Says Paterno, "I don't think it's anything to be ashamed of that we want to help." Frank Downing, the athletic academic adviser, says, "It all sounds too sweet. Icky. But all we do each day around here is go forth in our war against ignorance. Sometimes we succeed, sometimes we fail, but we go on."

Once enrolled, football players must maintain the same standards and progress as other students. Rumors of undue athletic influence at Penn State have not been backed up with hard fact. But, if anything, Paterno gives up on players too quickly.

Bergstein once told Paterno a player had missed three classes.

"Did you have a talk with him?" asked Paterno.

"Yes, and I will again."

"If he doesn't measure up, flunk him," said Joe.

"Don't you want to know who he is?"

"No."

"He might be your star."

"Doesn't matter. If he doesn't measure up, flunk him. He'll infect the whole program."

All schools say their graduation rate for athletes is impressive; that is not always the case. At Penn State evidently it is. Here is what happened to the 26 recruits of 1975: 19 earned degrees; two players now in the pros could get their degrees with a few more credits, two transferred; three quit. The group had a variety of majors. Harry Glenn, a senior and former managing editor of the *Daily Collegian*, says, "The football players are normal students caught in this abnormal situation of big-time college football." Among the 31 Penn State pro players, 29 have undergraduate degrees. According to the 1979 *Player Register*, the figure for the NFL as a whole is 1,690 players, 611 degrees.

Still, there is faculty concern that, with the approaching rough-tough football opponents, there will be pressure to keep stars eligible whatever their grades. Should that happen, Penn State's academic prestige would be diminished, they point out.

Not to worry, says Paterno. One of the things he is doing is making sure the players understand the educational requirements. "It's academics, athletics and social," Joe is forever telling recruits and players. "If you do them in the order I just gave 'em to you, it will all work out."

At Penn State it probably will work out. First, there is still a well of blind faith in Paterno. Says Basketball Coach Dick Harter, "He will straighten everything out and we'll be good. Having Joe here is one of the charms of Happy Valley." Second, Paterno now appears to have gotten around the corner of self-doubt (he had been genuinely disillusioned by the boozing, genuinely concerned that his old-fashioned ideals could no longer be sold to recruits) and seems to have reached back within himself for another all-out assault on mediocrity and indiscipline. Third, he has put aside any temporary doubt that the Grand Experiment is the way to go in contemporary college athletics.

"After four undefeated regular seasons and everything else," he says, "if the Grand Experiment is not a success, I don't know what is."

Suddenly Paterno is silent. Outside his home snow is falling. He stares into a cup of coffee. Finally he looks up. "O.K.," he says. "In the eyes of a lot of people, we have to win a national championship or else Joe Paterno and the Grand Experiment are both failures."

At his home in Manor Haven, N.Y., brother George speaks up for Joe. "The Grand Experiment doesn't mean you dominate," he says. "If you show courage and get killed, you still showed courage. And all this certainly doesn't mean what he's trying to do is wrong. All it means is one of the rocks in the creek slipped. Some people are born to be crusaders. Joe was. So when you go into battle, there are times you're going to get wounded. The fact that he's trying to win the right way is the most important thing. Joe is not synthetic. I'd be the most shattered person in the world if he turned out to be a phony."

At College Park, Joe Paterno mentions a note he received from another coach who had just read another laudatory article. The note said, "You're not that good." With a chuckle—oh, yes, the man can still laugh—Paterno says, "I'm not that good." Hear ye, then, that Joe Paterno is not a saint. But he'll do till one comes along.



*Monday, an undefeated Tulsa senior, executes a hold under the supervision of Coach Jones*

## He's really a rugged competitor

*High school star Kenny Monday came off the carpet to mop up on the mat*

For several years, Fred and Elizabeth Monday's home in Tulsa had no living-room furniture, only a carpet. It wasn't that the Mondays couldn't afford to furnish their home, they just had a better use for the space. Their three young sons—Michael, James and Kenny—loved to wrestle. And the living room was perfect, as long as there were no lamps to be shattered or sofas to be battered as the boys thrashed about.

Today, after years of rug-burn take-downs, the Mondays not only have a fine set of living-room furniture, but also three very talented wrestlers, the youngest of whom, Kenny, an 18-year-old high school senior, may be the best schoolboy wrestler in the nation. In four years, competing in four different weight classes—108, 115, 136 and 141 pounds—Kenny has a 140-0-1 record. Two weeks ago, after overwhelming his final opponent at the Oklahoma state championships in Jenks, Monday ended his high school career by becoming only the third undefeated four-time wrestling champion ever.

Ernie Jones, his coach at Booker T.

Washington High, says, "I've never seen a wrestler like this kid. He's grown from scrawny to awesome."

The Monday family wrestling legacy is a long and winning one, and as the youngest of the three brothers, Kenny started out on the bottom. When he came of an age to go to the rug with Mike, now 23, and Jim, now 22, he was usually the pinnace. "When we were little, they used to beat me up till I cried," Kenny says. "Pretty soon I learned their moves, along with learning when to cry to make them quit."

Eventually the boys were evicted from their home arena by the arrival of new furniture. "And our new carpet," says their mother. So Mom and Dad sent them to a local YMCA, which had the only organized wrestling program on Tulsa's predominantly black northside. "Back then there was little for black kids to do during the day while their parents worked, except for getting into trouble," says Fred Monday, now a supervisor for a pipeline manufacturer. "We just sent them there so maybe they would keep on wrestling."

They did. And soon Michael was leading the way. As a high school senior, he won the 1974 state 98-pound title. Right behind him, Jim went to the state finals for two consecutive seasons. Both went on to wrestle at Arizona State before transferring back home to Oklahoma University two years ago. While his brothers were making their names, Kenny was flattening most of Tulsa's young wrestlers as a member of the Lincoln Recreation Center team. In seven trips to the Junior Olympics, Monday won five times. By that time Jones was stalking all of Monday's meets, waiting im-

*continued*





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patiently for the proper time to introduce himself.

"I'd known Kenny since he was six or seven years old," says Jones. "I could just see his talent. I knew he could be the best wrestler in the state. Whether or not he could do it in Tulsa was another story."

Tulsa's racial atmosphere in the late '60s, when court-ordered busing and non-voluntary integration plans were making headlines, wasn't the sort of climate in which carefree interracial athletics could thrive. Booker T. Washington's all-black wrestling squad, which had recently lost its successful coach, suffered. "The football coach used it to keep his players in shape during the off-season," recalls Jones. "The wrestlers were the laughing stock of the city. Most of the time, they wouldn't even show up for a meet." The Mondays were living in the Washington school district. But the district lines were redrawn, and the Monday children began attending predominantly white McLain High.

Unfortunately, as Kenny neared high school age, McLain was troubled with racial disturbances. "Kids couldn't go to classes without worrying about having to fight their way there," Elizabeth Monday says. At the same time, Booker T. Washington opened its doors to students from outside its zone, aiming at a 50-50 racial balance. Money for more and better books soon followed, along with more courses, new equipment and Ernie Jones, who was offered the opportunity to breathe new life into the moribund wrestling team. "The only advice I got was 'Don't take it,'" says Jones. "But it was an opportunity as a head coach. And a job is a job."

In its second season under Jones, Washington came in fifth in the state meet and produced its first individual state champion. The following year Washington won the team title and had three individual state champions and three runners-up. All of this, combined with the growing racial tension at McLain, persuaded Kenny to apply to enter Washington as a freshman in 1976. Booker T. thereupon won three straight state team titles; this season it was runner-up.

Though Monday hasn't lost yet, there have been scares. The most alarming occurred in a match last December with Mike Sheets, another state champion.



*Tulsa was when Monday's mother and father furnished the living room with Kenny and his brothers*

Sheets, a senior at Tahlequah High, hadn't beaten Monday in 10 matches dating back to junior high school, but carried his own streak of 35 straight wins to the showdown in a packed Washington gymnasium. As the meet progressed toward the two wrestlers' 148-pound class, Monday seemed undisturbed by the possibility of losing as he cheered his teammates on. His parents, as usual, were perched up in the rafters at the farthest point from the mat. "I don't want him to hear his mother screaming," says Fred Monday.

Monday took immediate control and at the start of the third period held both a 5-1 lead and the advantage position on Sheets. Sheets then escaped for a point and promptly dropped Monday for the first time in the match, using a daring single-leg takedown move on his right ankle to bring the score to 5-4. Monday escaped (6-6), but Sheets put him down a second time with the same move (6-6). Once more, as the match drew to a close, Monday escaped only to be put down by Sheets. At the end, Sheets led 8-7 on points, but Monday was awarded a point for riding time amassed earlier and salvaged an 8-8 tie—the only one in his high school career. A month and a half later, Kenny beat Sheets in a rematch at Yukon, Okla. "Sometimes Kenny gets a little careless," said Jones after the tie. "He doesn't believe anyone can take him down."

For the most part, they can't. Since

his freshman season, when he won 38 matches (19 by falls), Monday has annihilated most of his opponents. "When I started to see that I could win at this and win consistently, it was fun," Kenny says. "I really began to fall in love with wrestling." The affair intensified as Monday grew in size and spirit. He pinned 20 of his 35 foes as a 115-pound sophomore and 25 of 33 as a junior. This season he took 28 of 35 matches by falls.

As evidence of his dedication to the sport, Monday even quit football last fall despite being an outstanding defensive back on a state-ranked team. "The injury risk was too high," he says. Yet he places wrestling in perspective, seeing it as complementary to his academic pursuits and "the ticket" to his dreams. "It will get me to college, and from there it's up to me." His immediate sights are on whatever sort of Olympics are held in 1984, and then, coaching. "In the long run, wrestling will pay off," he says.

A number of college coaches are hoping that Monday will bring them dividends. Their eyes have been on the listless Monday since his YMCA days and now the parade is passing through Tulsa once again, as it did when Kenny's brothers were being recruited. Kenny still hasn't been signed, although Oklahoma or Oklahoma State would seem to have the inside track. Having had two Monday brothers under his wing, Sooner Coach Stan Abel is going to the mat but good for Kenny

END

The characters in this fish story range from Clark Gable and a reservation full of Paiute Indians to a professor of ichthyology, various ogres from the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation and the fish themselves, a few scrawny cutthroat trout in a nameless trickle of a stream that shouldn't even be there. It is a story of drama and discovery, and it extends over vast reaches of time.

The Great Basin of Nevada and Utah is now mostly desert, but 75,000 years ago it was largely under water. The western two-thirds of Utah lay under Lake Bonneville, which was the size of Lake

Michigan. It covered the site of what is now Salt Lake City to a depth of 800 feet. Much of northern Nevada lay under Lake Lahontan, which was the size of Lake Erie. For 65,000 years each lake was home to a different subspecies of cutthroat trout. But as the climate grew drier the lakes began to evaporate, and some 8,000 years ago they were all but gone. Lake Bonneville grew saltier as it shrank, its trout retreating to feeder streams, and today its largest remnant is the Great Salt Lake. Lake Lahontan, fed by the snowmelt from the Sierra Nevadas, has survived as the fresh green water of 31-mile-

long Pyramid Lake. Its native trout remained until a moment ago, as geologists measure time, to be admired and desired by modern man and finally to be destroyed by him.

The Pyramid Lake strain of cutthroat was the largest native trout in western North America. The official record is 41 pounds, but there are indications that some trout grew to be more than 60 pounds. These fish were the product of a glorious accident of nature. As Lake Lahontan receded, the remnant that became Pyramid Lake had an inlet stream, the Truckee River, but no outlet, and for hundreds of centuries the Truckee pumped nutrients into the lake, making it phenomenally productive of fish life. Pyramid swarmed with large chub, the staple of the trout diet. And the Truckee and its tributaries also provided 200 miles of ideal spawning habitat for the trout. But the critical fact about Pyramid Lake is this: it is the only remnant of Lake Lahontan that never dried up, which means that the chub, the spawning grounds and the rich flow of the Truckee functioned together as a monster-trout factory for 75,000 years. As the leading authority on cutthroat trout, Professor Robert Behnke of Colorado State University wrote last year, "... a continuous environment endowed the trout ... with specialized adaptive features ... to maximize efficiency of energy conversion. ..."

It seemed there could never be an end to the trout of Pyramid Lake. In the spawning runs of 1889 and 1890 an estimated two million pounds were barvested by the Paiute Indians. The lake had been part of a Paiute reservation since 1859, and fishing was the tribe's main source of income. In the run of 1912, 20,000 to 30,000 pounds of trout were shipped out each week, and that was six years after 85% of the spawning grounds were cut off by the construction on the Truckee of Derby Dam, 30 miles above Pyramid Lake.

Derby Dam was the first irrigation project of the Bureau of Reclamation, and more water was diverted each year. A delta of sand began forming at the river mouth. Then the outside world discovered the lake. Clark Gable was one of

## The fish that wouldn't die

*For nearly 40 years a strain of cutthroat trout had been officially "extinct." Then one day, in a small Utah creek, researcher Terry Hickman made a big discovery*



Hickman shows a slide of one of the Pyramid Lake cutthroats that could not be, but indubitably was

*continued*



## One of these men drives himself to work, drives himself home and drives up his cost of living.

He doesn't see it that way. He's been driving himself to the office every day for several years now. He actually enjoys the ride.

Problem is, with today's energy crisis, the man on the right is wasting both fuel and money. Gas prices alone make the trip expensive. And his auto insurance premium is higher than it has to be.

The man on the left has decided to conserve and save. When the gasoline shortage began, he and some neighbors started carpooling to work. So together they consume less gas. That cuts expenses right there. What's more, because each of them drives fewer miles, they save money on their auto insurance as well.

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- Offering premium discounts to those who reduce the total number of miles they drive each week to work. Discounts will vary by company, by state and by the type of coverage you have.
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- Working through the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to make cars and roads safer.
- Investigating injury and repair claims more thoroughly.

### Here's what you can do:

- Cut down on your driving by carpooling or by using public transportation.
- Use your auto seat belt and shoulder harness.
- Talk to your insurance agent or company about ways to lower the cost of your auto insurance coverage.
- Lock your car. Don't invite trouble.

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This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association**, 85 John Street, New York, New York 10038.



Hickman at work with his fish-shocking device

many celebrities who fished there, and a photograph taken in the early '30s shows him holding two trout, each 2½ feet long. Nine-pounders were considered small then. In the spawning run of 1938 the average trout weighed 20 pounds, but these fish were that large because they were old. No successful run had taken place for eight years, and that run of 1938—an unusually high-water year—was the last. In 1940 the Pyramid Lake strain of cutthroat trout was declared extinct.

In 1976 a Brigham Young University graduate named Terry Hickman began a masters thesis project, a study of the rare Bonneville cutthroat, thought to exist in only five streams that remained from ancient Lake Bonneville. After two years of searching he eventually found them in 13 streams and in a lake. One foray was prompted by a letter from the Utah Division of Wildlife Resources. A biologist had found what appeared to be a pure cutthroat in an unnamed stream on Pilot Peak, which rises to 10,716 feet from the western edge of the Bonneville Salt Flats. Hickman had driven past Pilot Peak many times on

Interstate 80, and it had always looked barren. As for the stream, he couldn't even find it on the map.

In June of 1977, after a spine-wrenching Jeep ride up a dry gully and a mile-long hike with a 36-pound device for shocking fish strapped to his back, Hickman found the stream, which was barely two miles long. He named it Donner Creek; it had once drained into Donner Springs, which was the first source of fresh water located by the famed pioneering party of that name, after its 1846 trek across the salt flats.

Hickman lowered two probes connected to the shocking unit into the creek, and two strange-looking trout rose to the surface. Bonneville cutthroat would have been short and fat, but these were long and very slim. Hickman collected three more and returned to his cabin. He had all the appropriate Behnke writings there. Of 13 cutthroat subspecies described by Behnke, only one had the spotting pattern of the trout Hickman had taken from Donner Creek, or as large a number of gillrakers. That was the Lahontan. But what was it doing so far from home, 300 miles across the Great Basin from the nearest remnant of the ancient lake?

Hickman wrote a letter to Behnke, who was his thesis adviser. "You're not going to believe this," he wrote, "but I think I've found some Lahontan cutthroats." He advised Behnke as to where Donner Creek was and mentioned the telltale spots and gillrakers. Behnke replied, "When I saw the data . . . I realized you may have made the rare cutthroat discovery of the century! They . . . may be the original 'extinct' Pyramid Lake race."

Behnke added that from 1885 to 1930 millions of eggs were taken from Pyramid Lake trout. (All Lahontan cutthroats introduced in Nevada and Utah in those years were hatched from those eggs.) Behnke said that he had tried for many years to find a population that had perpetuated itself without hybridization. But before congratulating Hickman he wanted to know one thing: When were the fish put in Donner Creek?

Hickman learned from the Nevada and Utah Departments of Fish and Game that no Lahontans were stocked in either state between 1930 and 1949. Then, after nearly two months of interviewing in the Pilot Peak area, he met a retired game warden who told him that in the late '40s he had stocked rainbow trout in many local

streams, but that he had never put them in the creek Hickman dubbed Donner because it already had trout.

Hickman deduced that the trout in the creek had almost certainly originated in Pyramid Lake. They had been stocked before 1930, when Pyramid was the only possible source. The problem now was what to do with them.

To duplicate the original Pyramid Lake fishery, he knew, would be impossible. The Truckee is no longer suitable for spawning; in fact, in 1975, the Pautes won an \$8 million settlement from the government to compensate them for their lost source of income. Lahontan cutthroat trout from California's Summit Lake were stocked in the lake, and a channel was built to get them around the delta at spawning time and into an egg-taking facility upstream. Since then the eggs have been hatched and the fingerling trout released in the lake. But of course they are not the original Pyramid Lake strain.

Now the Pautes have brought another suit, this time to get more water released over Derby Dam. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service hopes to partially restore the spawning habitat below the dam, and to get a run of the Summit Lake fish each year. The Service has also expressed interest in eventually utilizing Donner Creek stock, but those would almost certainly hybridize with the Summit Lake fish and with the Truckee's rainbow trout, and they would no longer be what they once had been.

But other possibilities exist. This spring, when the trout in Donner Creek are spawning, a Fish and Wildlife biologist will gather eggs, have them fertilized and take them to the national fish hatchery at Hotchkiss, Colo. A breeding stock will be developed, and fingerling trout will be placed in large reservoirs full of bait fish. Natural reproduction will not be likely in those reservoirs because the proper conditions don't exist there, but spawning could occur in reservoirs yet to be built. Before the dams to form them are constructed, the feeder streams, which would provide suitable spawning habitat, will be emptied of existing trout, to avoid hybridization, and ultimately descendants of Donner Creek fish will be introduced. Neither plan will create thousands of three-foot-long trout overnight, but there is hope, and when you are dealing with an extinct fish, hope is a rare and wonderful thing.

END



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## A new light on running



With designer John Kubiak's line of training suits, runners have little reason to fear rain, snow or gloom of night

It's hard to think of a sport whose attire has been more sorely neglected by participants and sportswear manufacturers than running. As recently as 1976 most runners spent a lot of time selecting shoes but improvised the rest of their outfits, using cast-off garments from other sports to create getups that were often uncomfortable and inappropriate. Even the traditional "sweats" were inadequate for use as training suits because they didn't allow for proper perspiration evaporation and became sodden when it rained. Truly effective clothing was needed to protect the runner against the elements—not to mention man-made threats to his well-being—and to facilitate the cooling and heating of the body.

That's exactly what designer John Kubiak had in mind when he devised his unique line of running gear. His Seattle sportswear-manufacturing company, G.U.T.S.—an acronym for General Universal Training Supplies—now offers a way to layer clothes scientifically to fit weather conditions. Kubiak's system includes four hi-tech training suits: the Spring/Fall Trainer, the Winter Trainer, the Rain Trainer and the Early Warning suit for running after dark. All are made of lightweight, technically advanced material, some of it originally manufactured for industrial use.

"Sometimes we find a fabric that's just right for sports being used for non-sporting purposes," says Kubiak. Last year, for instance, he discovered the tough but lightweight material for the Spring/Fall Trainer while taking a flying lesson at an Idaho airport. The material, FlannelNyle, was used to cover the windshield of a light plane. "Curiosity led me to ask,"

*continued*

Mark Kubiak (left), the designer's brother, and sister Phil Kana shimmer at sunset in Early Warning suits. Kana's has a waterproof Gore-Tex yoke





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# FORD

FORD DIVISION





The brothers Kubiak take a run together in a Seattle industrial park. Merk's jacket and shorts are made from Flannel-Nyle, as is John's Spring/Fall Trainer. At right, Kane trains in the rain in Gore-Tex.



"Why that fabric?" says Kubiak. "Touching, feeling and looking at the stuff, I realized how soft and supple it was. Then I found out that the tight weave of the Antron nylon outside surface was impervious to bad weather, and the soft brushed cotton on the reverse side protected the plastic windshield from abrasion."

Kubeak soon discovered that Flannel-Nyle was ideal for running wear. The nylon side is water-repellent and wind-resistant, while the brushed-cotton side absorbs body moisture that can then evaporate through the nylon. In other words: the fabric breathes.

While training near Boulder, Colo. last year, Jim Lillstrom, a marathoner and executive director of the Diet Pepsi road races, encountered the sort of conditions under which the Spring/Fall Trainer is most useful. "I planned an 18-mile run, and because it was warming up, I thought, 'I'll wear shorts so I can get some rays,'" Lillstrom says. "It was one of those Colorado days when the weather



To keep out the frigid weather, record-breaking runner Mary Decker (left) sports a nylon taffeta Winter Trainer over a Spring/Fall suit. Mary and Jim Lillstrom are wearing the Winter Trainer, Jim having turned his anorak inside out to show the mesh lining that is fully as warm as thermal underwear.

decided to take a quick turn—and it was not in my favor. By the time I hit the point of no return, it was snowing. I came down the mountain with the hair on my chest all iced over. The Spring/Fall Trainer is ideally suited for just such unpredictable weather conditions. This lightweight, hi-tech nylon stuff is warm, but if you get too warm, you can wrap it around your waist and it feels like it's not even there."

For cold weather Kubiak offers the Winter Trainer, constructed of a tough nylon taffeta used in down jackets. It is wind-resistant and treated with Zepel to be water-repellent. Moreover, the Winter Trainer jacket has a unique lining. "We put a cotton-polyester mesh on the inside that weighs only four ounces a yard," says Kubiak. "The outer nylon shell weighs about the same, so with about 16 ounces of fabric one can train in freezing temperatures. The mesh acts like thermal underwear, trapping the body heat generated by exercise." And when conditions turn bitter cold, Kubiak suggests wearing

the Spring/Fall and Winter Trainers.

The Rain Trainer is made with Gore-Tex laminate (SI, Sept. 18, 1978), which is bonded to a layer of Antron nylon tricot, the soft, lightweight fabric used in women's lingerie. The resulting material is not only waterproof, but it is also wind-proof and breathes.

The most striking creation in the G.U.T.S. collection is the Early Warning suit, an outfit designed for night running. The Early Warning material, developed by Arthur Kahn Co., Inc. in conjunction with 3M, consists of a lightweight, twoply nylon that has been impregnated with millions of microscopic beads. The beads act like tiny reflective lenses, so that when a car's headlights shine on the fabric, each bead serves as a small but brilliant white light. Occasionally the Early Warning's reflective powers may seem a little too spectacular. Lillstrom says that when photographing the suit one night on a road above Boulder, "All of a sudden cops came flying down on us from all directions. They had had a report

of self-insulation on the mountain."

Other sportswear manufacturers are also incorporating the Early Warning fabric into their collections. Both Head and Bill Rodgers have or soon will have outfits made of the material. Marmot Mountain Works in Colorado and Early Winters in Seattle are now turning out saddle bags and handlebar bags for bicycles of the reflective fabric; and the Tenson-Produker people of Sweden are starting to produce gear made of the Early Warning material to protect sporty Swedes during the long hours of darkness they must endure from November through February.

With such innovative ideas by Kubiak and other sportswear designers, runners may soon be able to forget many of the discomforts of the road and get down to the basics of their sport. Or, as Lillstrom puts it, "We are discovering that by eliminating or minimizing the pain inflicted by the elements, we are free to concentrate on the pain we inflict on ourselves." Well, that's a breakthrough. **END**

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Appropriately for a season that began in the Year of the Child, 1979-80 was preordained as the Year of the Rookie in the NBA—the season in which the league would place its future in the hands of babes, namely, Magic Johnson and Larry Bird. But while Johnson and Bird were the subject of a lot of youth-movement hype, it was one of their contemporaries, 22-year-old Bill Cartwright of the Knicks, who quietly provided the ultimate proof that the kids weren't kidding by playing the game's toughest position every night—and playing it well enough to become an All-Star. Along the way he clearly established that he belongs right up there with Bird and Johnson at the head of the freshman class.

Cartwright leads the league's rookies—and most of its veterans—in scoring (22.4 points a game, 11th in the league), field-goal shooting (.545, eighth) and minutes played (2,730, second). To find comparable first-year stats for a center, one has to look back to the days when Kareem Abdul-Jabbar was still Lew Alcindor. In 1969-70 Alcindor scored 28.8, shot .518% and was named Rookie of the Year. In just about any other season Cartwright would have gotten that award, too, but in a year featuring Bird and Johnson—whose performances on the floor have more than measured up to expectations—Cartwright may have to settle for No. 3, which is fine with the Knicks. Aided by a horde of other good newcomers and the emergence of second-year Guard Michael Ray Richardson, Cartwright has led a New York renaissance. The Knicks, the league's second-youngest club, are a fairly good bet to make the playoffs this season and seem to have the makings of a team that could be strong for years to come.

The core of that club, Cartwright, should be known as the Music Man. In his apartment in Guttenberg, N.J., a huge



Cartwright: Top scoring near center in a decade

## Were it any other year

... Bill Cartwright would be the NBA's No. 1 rookie, not just the Knick MVP

stereo forever plays the old Detroit sound: James Brown, the Shirelles, the Platters. On trips, he sits plugged into a gigantic cassette deck, quietly humming everything from jazz to disco, Sly Stone to the Beatles. His favorites are the vocalists of the '50s and the '60s—the Supremes, The Coasters, Sam Cooke—who are not often heard on the stereos of Cartwright's generation. But he is a connoisseur of sorts. "This music's really the roots of what's heard today," he says. "The singers now are all imitators." Cartwright once even took up the guitar, but when calluses began to form on the tips of the fingers of his strumming hand, he quit. It also happened to be his shooting hand.

When Cartwright tires of the music, there's chess, which he taught himself while on road trips with the University of San Francisco. His teammates can rarely challenge him on this board, so he relies on opposition from a computerized game. "Most of the guys think backgammon is such a great game," he says. "But as long as you have to roll the dice, then you're less a part of it. Chess is still one on one. You're thinking three and four moves ahead and considering all the possibilities. If a guy beats me one time, I'll challenge him to do it again. He won't beat me twice."

In the past few years, when Cartwright was being scouted for the pros, reports came back saying that he was "a very nice person." Right away coaches wondered: Can he take the pounding and still get off a shot in the foul line? Can he set a pick on a gigantic forward who only wants him out of the way? Even during contract negotiations, Cartwright's agent, Bob Woolf, says Knick management was concerned whether their first draft pick would be a rah-rah guy. Cartwright wound up getting a five-year contract worth \$1.2 million, and he immediately became a start-

continued



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er when last season's regular center, Marvin Webster, failed to recover from a knee injury. Now Webster is back, and, as a result of Cartwright's success, is expendable, if the right trade opportunity comes along for the Knicks.

"Bill plays like a gentleman, but not a nice guy," says Knick Assistant Coach Hal Fischer. Forward Toby Knight found that out right away. During the Knicks' first preseason scrimmage, he tried to get by a Cartwright screen, but, he says, "I ran into his fist." San Diego Center Swen Nater, the league's second-leading rebounder, has found out, too. When asked if Cartwright left any impression on him, he answered, "Yeah, all up and down my back."

Cartwright is quiet, almost unemotional about his staggering task of challenging the NBA's best big men. "You have to learn to read him," says teammate Mike Glenn. "When he's happy, there isn't much to see, but when he's mad because he didn't do his job, you can definitely see it in his eyes."

When his job is done, Cartwright's silence—in a locker room filled with accusations and excuses on a bad night and laughter on a good one—is deafening. He chooses each word carefully, so when he speaks, people listen. "Basketball is a thinking man's game," he says. "Every player in this league is good. If he wasn't he wouldn't be here. But to be better, you've got to plan, anticipate and execute. And you've got to be ready to learn."

An attitude like this, especially among the swelled heads of the NBA, reaps respect, something Cartwright has commanded since, as a 6' 9" 10th-grader, he put Elk Grove, Calif. (12 miles south of Sacramento) on the map by discovering he could shoot. Dan Risley, his high school coach, says, "Lord, could he! He'd just throw that sucker up and it'd go in." Success also put Cartwright on the map, which isn't exactly what he wanted.

Elk Grove (pop. 3,721) is less than 10% black, and Cartwright suddenly found himself coming under pressure from his peers to be one of the leaders of the black groups that had formed in his school in the aftermath of the '60s. But he wouldn't hear of it. "I'd never belonged to groups," he says. "I was just Bill Cartwright, not black, white or whatever. I just wanted to be myself and make the most out of that."

His independent streak was inbred, inherited from James and Marie Cartwright, who met in California after James left South Texas in the 1950s seeking farm work, eventually finding that work in Elk Grove, where their closest neighbor was more than 10 miles away. Except for his six sisters, with whom he shared a room, Cartwright had few friends. Then in junior high he met Sheri Johnson. By Cartwright's standards, her parents were "big people." Sheri's father was the vice-principal of the high school, while Mrs. Johnson taught third grade. Heads turned when Bill and Sheri began spending time together, not because Cartwright is tall but because Sheri is white. Nonetheless, they dated through high school, were married last May and are expecting their first child soon. Looking back, they didn't see themselves as unusual or as crusaders. "We had very little trouble," Sheri says. "At least people didn't say much to our faces. I guess if

we hadn't been 'somebody,' things might have been a little bit different."

There's no doubt that Cartwright was somebody. Junior high baseball pitchers well over six feet usually are. Ah, baseball, his first sports love. Even today he can't resist bragging about his prowess. "Oh, they always began by saying, 'He's big, put him on first,'" Cartwright says. "But when I got to pitch, yeah, that's when the fun started. Nobody ever got more than one good hit off me, 'cause if someone did, next time I'd brush him back, get two strikes, then throw him the curve and sit down. After that he'd know better."

As a senior Cartwright was a full seven-footer who took five career and single-season state and northern California records with him from Elk Grove as he contemplated what would have been a premature jump to the pros. He knew the NBA was a risk, and so did the pros. Jack McMahon, the Philadelphia 76ers'

continued



Cartwright hones his moves on a different type of board, with wife Sheri providing the opposition

director of player personnel, scouted Cartwright and another high school phenom, Darryl Dawkins, that year. "They were from similar backgrounds and were the offense of their teams, but Cartwright had a lot of baby fat on him," says McMahon. "We wanted to choose a kid who could help us immediately." Dawkins became Philly's first-round pick and eventually the 76ers' starting center.

So Cartwright went down the road to USF as a member of the most heralded bunch of freshman recruits in the country. Oklahoma's Player of the Year, Winford Boynes (now with the Nets), Long Beach, Calif. star James Hardy (now with Utah) and Cartwright had USF fans drooling as they anticipated a return to the glories of 1955 and 1956, when Bill Russell and K. C. Jones took the Dons to two consecutive NCAA championships. While at USF, Cartwright majored in sociology, which, he says, allowed him to study how people coped with their surroundings. "Country folks have their problems for sure," says country boy Cartwright. "Like their tendency toward complacency when they have big problems. City people, on the other hand, are too competitive. They're uptight and sometimes blinded by their competitiveness. Yeah, I'll take that country life."

These are strange words coming from the man who will have a lot to say about the future success of the league's most important franchise, based in the nation's largest city. Deep inside, Cartwright admits he's highly competitive. Which is why he stood fast when the too-many-stars syndrome hit USF in his junior season. At the end of that season, Coach Bob Gaillard quit. And Hardy and Boynes went hardship, leaving only Cartwright and the national titles that never were. Yet when USF retired his No. 24 last spring—putting it alongside Russell's six and Jones' four—Cartwright was the Dons' all-time leading scorer.

As was the case at USF, Cartwright is surrounded by capable scorers on the Knicks. In fact, for most of the season New York has been the NBA's second-most explosive club. Though Cartwright's critics charge that his rebounding isn't as good as it might be—his board

work ranks ninth among NBA centers—his proficiency as a shooter is prompting opponents to double-team him, at the expense of taking the pressure off other New York players.

"I've never had to worry about scoring. I do what we have to do to win," Cartwright says. "If that means getting the ball to the open man, then that's what I try to do first. Everyone out there can



Cartwright can do it all around the apartment, too.

score. But if I have to shoot, then I do it." Perhaps much better than Knick management dared hope and Knick opponents expected. His turnaround jumper is quick, smooth and, most of the time, on target. Billy Paultz, then a San Antonio Spur, sat stunned in a postgame locker room after being ripped for 27 points by Cartwright earlier this season. "He doesn't have that many great offensive moves," Paultz said, "but he sure knows how to use the ones he has."

As Cartwright uses those moves more effectively, the Knicks usually win. But when he doesn't make the moves, New

York goes right down the tubes. In short, he has become The Franchise. Maybe even more so than his prestigious classmates, Bird and Johnson, each of whom has turned out to be exactly what his respective team needed to make it championship caliber. But when Johnson missed three games early in the season with a sprained knee and two later on with a groin injury, the Lakers still won, though just barely. Bird, a much more important factor to the Celtics, has played in every Boston game and made key plays in most of those. With him, Boston could win it all. Without him, they're merely good. Without Cartwright, the Knicks aren't even that. New York's Coach Red Holzman says, "The things people criticize when they talk about Bill's game are things they oughtn't worry about. He's done everything we've asked him to do."

He even lost weight last summer, which has always been difficult for him. Fischer was assigned the duty of trimming the 265-pound Cartwright down to a sleek 250. First, there was a five-mile run in the morning. Then weightlifting to build up his relatively small upper body. Shooting and wind sprints in the afternoon. Cartwright got down to 240, but baby fat is baby fat. You don't lose it, you outgrow it. And it doesn't necessarily reflect conditioning—especially after averaging 39 minutes in 70 NBA games.

"He's already played his freshman and sophomore seasons for us. Now he's going into his junior year," says Butch Beard, a Knick assistant coach. "There's no way he's out of shape."

During the off-season, Cartwright, Sheri and Justin William (if it's a boy) or Samantha (if it's a girl) will return to California, where Cartwright will once again be on the run. This time, with basketball clinics and a little tennis. "But only after I rest a while," he says. No doubt Cartwright still remembers last summer's sprints. "After eight times up and down the court, Hal would begin throwing me the ball at the end of each sprint. After 10 more, I couldn't catch it, couldn't run and couldn't breathe," he says.

Maybe so. But he sure has put new breath into the Knicks. **END**



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HERE  
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WELL,

A full-page photograph of a female bodybuilder, Cammie Lusko, posing from the back. She is wearing a teal bikini bottom and a thin blue string top. Her muscles are extremely defined and glistening with oil. She is in a dynamic pose, with her right arm raised and bent, and her left arm extended outwards. The background is solid black.

# SHE MISS, WHAT?

*Women's bodybuilding has arrived—sort of. As Cammie Lusko and Kay Baxter show, the girls know what they're doing. But some judges don't*

*by* **DAN LEVIN**

CONTINUED

## MISS WHAT?

continued

**W**e always knew women could never build muscles, at least not, uh, real women. Muscles belonged on men, and women didn't want any. They didn't need them, either, not for typing 70 words a minute, not for staying at home all day baking cakes for honeybuns. But we also always knew women could never run marathons, and now we have Grete Waitz breathing down Bill Rodgers' neck. Even more unexpectedly, we have Laura Combes' sensational double biceps pose.

It's a ghastly portent to some: bodybuilding for women, one more step on the road to androgyny. It raises complex questions, and it strikes at deeply held values. Should women be bodybuilders at all, and if so, should they strive to look like firm Miss Americas or female versions of Arnold Schwarzenegger? And, of course, there is the concept of femininity—are large muscles feminine, does that matter, and what does "femininity" mean, anyway?

Last August, at the conclusion of the \$5,000 World's



The best biceps belong to Laura Combes. Her deltoids aren't bad, either.



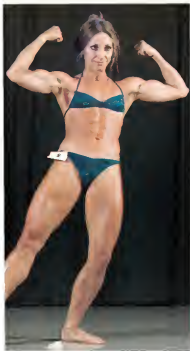
Lusia, who was third at Caen, showed them good abs and a great smile.

Best Woman Bodybuilder competition in Warminster, Pa., the judges were in a quandary. Eight of the 10 were men, and one said, "I like the girl with the big ——" Another said, "But what about the one with the nice ——"?

The winner of the \$2,500 first prize, Puty Chapman, a 21-year-old communications student at Michigan State, turned out to have both. It was her first bodybuilding competition. "My goal is muscle tone," she said, "not muscle mass."

Another contestant had even bigger — and a nicer — than Chapman. Twenty-four-year-old April Nicotra has been a perennial winner in the eight years she has worked with weights and entered competitions. These haven't been bodybuilding competitions exactly, but muscles have been allowed, as long as they weren't too large, as long as no one displayed them dramatically. The word for Nicotra, who manages the Olympus Gym, a weight-training center in Warrington, Pa., is voluptuous, and most of the male judges voted her No. 1.

The head judge at Warminster was Leroy Colbert, 46, acclaimed as one of the world's best developed men in 1960



Bester, a gymnast, was first at Canton—after they got it sorted out

and the first bodybuilder to develop 20-inch muscular upper arms. When the competition was over, he said, "We were amazed at what we saw. Those women were much more shapely than the ones you see at beauty pageants. Some of them were really well trained—feminine, but a little muscular, too. What I mean is, they had hourglass-type figures with some firmness. That's what we wanted—a little curve in the leg biceps, a back with slight muscularity, a little separation between the deltoid and the arm."

But Schwarzenegger, the special master of ceremonies, has long said, "Judges sometimes look for the sexiest women, but they should forget that. What counts is: Who is the best female bodybuilder? What do her muscles look like? They confuse muscles with masculinity, but women are the same as men. They have fewer male hormones, so their muscles won't grow as large, but they work the same. They grow larger from being trained and fed, just as men's do. I'm not proposing that all women be bodybuilders, but those who are should be judged exactly as men are judged, on the symmetry and proportion of their physiques, on their

muscularity and definition, and on their posing routines.

"People say it's O.K. to have women onstage, but that they shouldn't pose like men. But the point is for them to demonstrate their physical development, to show it off in a dynamic way, and if someone says, 'It turns me off to see a woman hit a muscular shot,' well, who cares?"

But even Schwarzenegger was not prepared for something he saw at Warmistser. He had never met Tampa's Laura Combes, 26, whose upper-body musculature and dynamic posing routines—especially her clenched-fist double biceps pose, which is almost never done by women—have made her the most controversial figure in women's bodybuilding and the subject of much innuendo. For the record, Combes has a boyfriend, and she claims she does not use anabolic steroids, which would enhance any woman's muscle mass. "People always ask me, 'Do you take drugs?'" she says. "Well, that infuriates me. I've heard stories of guys falling over, holding their livers, from steroids. And muscularity can be achieved without them. I didn't

concocted



Claude Wilbourn, it was felt, had too much muscle, so was sixth in L.A.

## MISS WHAT?

continued



And this is Stacy (Power, though not at the expense of grace) Bentley

even take vitamins until recently—I'm just a mesomorph." (Actually, no female bodybuilder admits to using steroids, though Mandy Tanny, a writer for *Muscle Builder Magazine* and niece of spa impresario Vic Tanny, says, "Of course they use steroids. I hate to see it, but some of the top women do. It gives them a much more exaggerated musculature. But raising the subject with them is like asking an aging beauty queen how old she is.")

Combes seriously injured her left knee in a 1972 water-skiing accident and after surgery she turned to weight training for rehabilitation. She already had broad shoulders from water skiing, and as she continued with the weights, she developed prodigious pectorals. When she came onstage for prejudging at Warminster, she was told, "Let's see your hest-side chest pose." So she pressed her palms together away from her body, which flexed her pectorals and showed the unusually deep striations at the top of her chest. In the audience, Schwarzenegger gasped. "Oh, my God," he said.

Combes says she had been told by the meet director, "Please don't make a fist when you do your chest pose. We've got TV here, and we don't want a bad image." After prejudging, Combes approached Schwarzenegger and said to him, "Arnold, they don't want me to clench my fists, and I'm afraid if I do, it will hurt my chances." Schwarzenegger replied, "Do it anyway. Why shouldn't you? Your posing is an extension of your personality, and no one should tell you what to do onstage."

When Combes began her routine in the finals that evening, she could hardly hear her music, the

continued



April Nicotro, like Bentley, is a contestee more to the taste of judges who aren't sure how a woman bodybuilder should look, but know what they like.

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## MISS WHAT?

continued

theme from *Shogun's Big Score*, because the audience was so excited by the sight of her. "The judges had said no, but the audience was saying yes, so I went with the audience," she says. She flexed one biceps, fist closed, to whistles and stomping. She threw up the other, and the room began to vibrate. And she concluded by breaking the ultimate taboo of female bodybuilding by doing "the crab," an awkward, unlovely hunching forward of the shoulders. It showed more muscle, though, than anyone present had ever seen on a woman—more, too, than the judges wanted to see. Combes finished sixth.

One judge said Combes had not shown enough definition in her legs (she has been warned not to do squats in training, a key leg exercise, because in 1978 she had injured her other knee), that her falling was a lack of symmetry and that she had not been marked down for the crab or double biceps. "She wouldn't look bad at all," he said, "if she just stood naturally."

What Combes had shown the audience at Wannamaker were 14-inch upper arms and a 38½-inch chest, more than anything else, the chest measurement reflected the size of her back. Combes is only 5' 2", and muscles that big are unusually large for a woman her size. But, "You say 'bodybuilder' to the public," she says, "and then people look at women and think, 'They don't have any muscles, why call them bodybuilders?' Well, I think building means to build. I think it means to have muscles that show. I'm doing this to prove a point. Once women weren't allowed to vote, to smoke or to have good jobs. People always said we couldn't develop muscle size, too. Well, seem' is believin'."

The following day a local paper published its coverage of the contest. There had been 40 women entered, and five of them had scored better than Combes, but one of the two pictures the paper published was of Combes' double biceps pose. The contest promoter, George Snyder, owner of the Olympus Gym, said, "We were trying to pick the best woman bodybuilder. It wasn't a male bodybuilder impersonation contest. I'm afraid that picture scared a lot of women away from weight training. They'll be afraid of looking like that. I got negative feedback from a few of my members, and

continued





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## MISS WHAT?

continued

I can assume it hurt my business."

Snyder has owned the Olympus since 1975, and each year the number of women working out with weights has increased substantially. He now has from 150 to 200, though no more than six have competed in a physique contest. A similar pattern is evolving all across the country. More women are pumping iron than ever, and, most significantly, no one is objecting to their doing so. In 1936, when Jack LaLanne opened the country's first weight-training facility for women in Oakland, he was not a popular man. Both sexes were being warned about hernias and heart attacks, but LaLanne persisted. "We produced such great bodies that those girls caused a sensation on the beach," he says.

LaLanne's "girls" even met for an occasional "beauty contest," as they were called, but women's bodybuilding, 1980 style, was unimaginable, and weight training for misses of women was still decades away. Even a men's bodybuilding lineup in those days was likely to be a motley gathering of weightlifters, gymnasts and boxers doing handstands. Weightlifters soon became preeminent, but as late as 1947 Mr. Europe contestants were required to do flips and specialized yoga positions; in bodybuilding, difficulty in figuring out the rules is an old story.

By the early '60s men had stopped flipping and enough women had started lifting that the Miss Americana contest for bodybuilders was begun. Nicotra won it in 1974 and '75. Showy muscles weren't encouraged, but it wasn't a burlesque show, either. In 1975 Henry McGhee Jr. of Canton, Ohio—a controversial figure of whom more, much more, later—decided to stage a contest of his own, "a beauty contest for women bodybuilders," as he described it. Women's gyms were still equipped with vibrating belts and rollers, passive exercise equipment, but that was changing fast. As Schwarzenegger recalls, "Women's bodybuilding seems to have developed right along with the women's movement. More women were feeling secure about doing things that only men had done. They were going to gyms and asking how to build bigger biceps, and some of them were even entering contests. They could never have gotten away with it 10 years earlier."

After the Warmister contest last year

Combes went home to Florida, and the following weekend won the Miss Tampa bodybuilding competition. The audience was screaming her name, and the Florida judges, who had seen her before, were not put off by her musculature.

That contest was the fifth sponsored annually by Tampa's Superior Physique Association, an organization founded by Doris Barrilleaux, a 48-year-old grandmother and head stewardess for Red Carpet Airlines, who has been training with weights for 24 years. "I never understood why they had bodybuilding competition for men and not for women," she says. "All they had were beauty contests, and I thought there should be recognition for women with healthy bodies as well as for those with pretty faces. I believe there can be a happy medium between women with extreme definition and the body-beautiful type." Barrilleaux tends toward the latter; she may have the best 48-year-old grandmother's body on earth, and is also the oldest woman currently competing in her sport. She took third in two of the five SPA contests and won Best Presentation in another, but she says, "I sure wish they'd put some old ones in, so I'd have a chance."

On the day Combes became Miss Tampa, another women's contest was being held, in Los Angeles—the Robby Robinson Body Building Championship. And it appeared that a rivalry was about to be joined, a meeting of two rising female bodybuilding stars with divergent styles. It would be a test, of sorts, for the new sport. One, a tiny blonde named Stacey Bentley, 23, of Venice, Calif., who had been third at Warminster, showed up complete with a mischievous smile and a flower in her hair. The other was Claudia Wilbourn, 28, of San Juan Capistrano, Calif. No smile, no wiles, just muscle. In June, Wilbourn had placed second in the first Women's World Body Building Championship, also held in L.A., in which Bentley had finished fourth. The winner had been 26-year-old Lisa Lyon, who hasn't competed since. At the Robinson Classic, Bentley was "feminine," and, to a lot of people, Wilbourn was scary. She wasn't pretty enough, some observers said, so get away with showing all that muscle. She had added several pounds of it since June, and her abdominals and pectorals—abs and pecs—were far more defined than

any other woman's. But the promoter assured her the judges were looking for muscle.

The promoter was wrong. One judge said of Wilbourn, "If we'd wanted a woman who looked like a man, then the one with the big pecs and the deep striations would have won."

Another said to a bystander, who turned out to be Wilbourn's boyfriend, "Everyone was grossed out by her musculature. And she wasn't pretty enough, either."

Bentley, who was pretty enough, won. To be fair, she was now also one of the best of the female bodybuilders, getting leaner and more muscular by the week. She had worked very hard, goaded by John Balfit, her training partner, who would shout "Explode!" as she cleaned an Olympic bar from the floor or help her curl or press a dumbbell one more time and let her lower it alone. And Bentley had refined her posing routine; it displayed muscle, but more obliquely than before—"conveying power," she said, "though never at the expense of grace." She received 40 points for it. Wilbourn, who forgot about the grace, according to the judges, received one point for her routine and finished sixth.

Many people in bodybuilding, men included, were disturbed by what happened at the Robinson contest. Few found fault with Bentley's victory, but they saw something grievously wrong with the treatment accorded Wilbourn. "Not winning is one thing," said Bill Dobbins, who's collaborating with Schwarzenegger on a book entitled Arnold's First Book of Bodybuilding, "but to be told you can't even play the game because someone doesn't like the way you look, well, that's another."

Consider the sentiments expressed by one of the judges, Jim Morris, Mr. America of 1973. He owns a Hollywood gym, and he knows something of women's bodybuilding. When he volunteered to be a judge, he had a good idea of what he would be seeing at the contest, so it was surprising, to say the least, to hear him say afterward, "I think female physique contests should be discontinued. I'm no more in favor of them than I am of male beauty contests. To me, one is as repulsive as the other."

Which brings us finally to McGhee, 29, associate physical director of the Can-

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## MISS WHAT?

continued

ton YMCA. After staging a number of "beauty contests," beginning in 1975, in 1978 he organized the country's first women's bodybuilding competition—the first, that is, in which the entrants were judged purely on their muscularity. Almost immediately, all those connected with the sport were united in disagreement with his views. As Balik puts it, "If McGhee has a hand in the sport, it will remain in the freak-show category."

**M**cGhee is an amiable man who seems puzzled by such comments. "Most people say I'm trying to make men out of women," he says. "Well, I know the two sexes are different, but they do have certain similarities. Men don't monopolize strength. If they did, you wouldn't see fillies winning horse races. Women are incredible. We've just never seen them reach their potential. When I was a high school track coach, the girls would leave the team when they started getting muscular, and that was frustrating to me. I decided that I wanted to promote muscle on women as beautiful. I think that using traditional standards of femininity in a bodybuilding contest is like having a spelling bee only for those spelling on a fifth-grade level or less. We don't know the ultimate potential of women, and already they want to limit it."

"I feel that beauty-oriented physique contests will disappear the way the old minstrel shows did when the blacks decided they were a disgrace. I feel the whole concept of beauty contests runs counter to the interests of women."

"Every woman has the same capacity for starving to death, but before she does, she's going to be very lean and muscular. That's what we want in our competitions, muscularity, with proportion. Anything we feel is hereditary we don't consider—facial features, size of breasts, width of pelvis—and we're not concerned with traditional standards of femininity, either. Take the example of a really high calf muscle. Well, I don't want to hear a judge saying, 'I think high calves are ugly.' I just want to know, 'Is the muscle developed?' It's like a basketball game. A shot may be graceful or unorthodox, but either way, if it goes through the hoop, it counts for two points."

It seemed the Women's National Physique Championship in Canton last No-

vember might be a good place for Wilbourn. In fact, there was no other place left. California and Florida were not ready for her. She had written Barilleaux about competing in Florida, and received the reply, "Oh, Claudia, we're not looking for your kind of muscle." At least, Wilbourn thought, the nationals would have well-defined judging standards. She phoned McGhee. She says he told her, "You can pose any way you want, but don't get up there and look like a man. You'll look like a monkey if you do."

Wilbourn replied, "I couldn't look like a monkey if I tried. Or a man." And she says now, "He couldn't give me any concrete idea of what his standards were. I was surprised. He just rambled and rambled. So I decided to save my air fare."

Combes had also been thinking about going to Ohio, but a phone conversation with McGhee changed her mind, too. "His ideal woman sounded like a Neanderthal man to me," she said. "He gave me this line about basketball shots, how some are graceful and some aren't, but they all count for two points."

Chapman had gone to McGhee's first Annual U.S. Women's National Physique Championship in 1978, but had withdrawn before competition began, explaining, "I don't think women should be as muscular as he wants them to be."

Nicotra didn't give Canton a second thought. Bentley did, but quickly put it from her mind. Twenty-one-year-old Cammie Lusko, third at the Robinson contest, spoke with McGhee many times and told friends, "I don't know where he's coming from," but decided to take a chance. She was the only woman at Canton who had ever placed in a major bodybuilding competition outside of Ohio.

Though this was the second annual national championship McGhee had staged, an hour before it was scheduled to begin he still did not have a list of entrants. He did have four judges, though two of them had never judged a women's bodybuilding contest and one admitted, "I don't have the slightest idea what he's looking for." McGhee overheard this and unrolled a large piece of paper on which a female of menacing proportions was drawn. She had broad shoulders, heavy legs and looked, from the front, like a cross between Bigfoot and Sonny Liston. McGhee explained

that this was an artist's rendering of his ideally proportioned woman. Someone pointed out that she was neither lean nor muscular, qualities McGhee claims to like in women bodybuilders, she was just large. McGhee admitted, "The drawing shows proportion. Muscularity is something else. We were supposed to have a drawing for that, too, but the artist didn't finish it in time."

McGhee said that the drawing he did have was based on research he had carried out last summer at Case Western Reserve University. "I had the faculty recommend a student from the department of medical illustration, and this is what we came up with. We decided that the calf should be 20% smaller than the thigh. Remember that figure: thigh to torso, forearm to upper arm, and upper arm to shoulder—the first should be 20% smaller than the second."

He pointed to the drawing. "For example, if I take this thigh and stick it right up here in the torso, not including the breast—you've gotta throw out the breast—I'd have about 20% of the torso showing underneath."

At 2:40 p.m., 10 minutes after the scheduled starting time, McGhee still could not say who would be competing. Approximately 100 spectators were in the YMCA auditorium when a curtain suddenly opened onstage and an extremely slim woman of about 20 came out in a brown bikini. She was one of four entrants, it turned out, in the under-112-pound class. The judges sat at a long table, and McGhee knelt on the floor in the narrow space between the table and the stage. The girl stood sideways to the audience while McGhee whispered to the judges, "Remember, everything is 20%. First compare the right calf to the right thigh." The judges began juxtaposing various body parts, holding up their thumbs and forefingers and quickly looking down to make notes. The process took longer than it should have, because the judges were still learning, and after 15 minutes of standing absolutely still, the woman began to tremble. McGhee said, "Point your toe." She did, flexing her calf muscles. "Remember," McGhee told the judges, "there are four distinct muscle groups in the calf, and each group is worth 12 points." By this time he might as well have been speaking Hindi. A man who had been taking notes nearby sat

with one hand over his eyes, shaking his head; he was Mandy Tanny's father, Armand, Mr. U.S.A. of 1950, on assignment for *Muscle Builder Magazine*.

After 23 minutes, competitor No. 1 wobbled off and another woman came out. She was in her forties and, it turned out, was the mother of the first contestant. "She's got fantastic abdominals," McGhee promised. "Serratus like you've never seen!" And they never were seen. Apparently she had checked them at the desk. She turned, revealing dimpled thighs. Ego, cellulite!

Bodybuilder No. 3, Marilyn Schriener of Chicago, was also slim, but at least she showed some muscle. She had wide shoulders, almost like those of the woman in the drawing, and the audience loved her triceps. Someone shouted, "Yeah, yeah, yeah!" McGhee looked up at her and whispered, "Buttock." "What?" she replied, glancing down. "Buttock," he said, louder. "What?" she repeated. "Buttock!" McGhee yelled. "Parkay," came a voice from the audience.

Things picked up with the judging of the 112-pound-and-over class, in which Lusk was competing. A physical consultant at a Chatsworth, Calif. gym, Lusk wants to be a Hollywood stunt woman and may be the strongest woman bodybuilder around. She never touched a weight until February of last year, but seven months later she could jerk a 100-pound dumbbell over her head with her left arm. During her three-hour workouts, she lifts something like 30 tons of iron. For four days before heading east, she ate no solid food, reducing her weight from 140 pounds to 133, melting off the fat so the muscle beneath would stand out.

Now she waited backstage to go on. Some children's paints and brushes stood on a nearby table, and she picked up a dry brush and began to dab playfully at the stomach of Kay Baxter, who had been 10th at Warminster after only two months of weight training. "Right there," Baxter said. "I need another ab." The atmosphere backstage was relaxed. There was none of the gamesmanship often seen at men's competitions. (The story is told of one male newcomer who was advised of a little-known technique for impressing the judges with his intensity—"scream your guts out as you pose." He did, and was laughed off the stage.)

Lusk was the first to pose. When she pointed a toe at the audience, flexing her calf and frontal thigh muscles, or thrust out her abs, exclamations such as "Incredible!" and "That's it, baby!" erupted around the room. Otherwise, things were relatively quiet. One woman had lost 100 pounds after a year of weight training and diet, and the skin of her midsection was loose, as if it had failed to keep pace with the shrinkage beneath. But there she stood in her bikini, McGhee should consider establishing a special award for bravery. Baxter, it turned out, did not need another ab. The three months of training since Warminster had built a lot of muscle, and a classic bodybuilder's diet in the previous month helped to display it. Smaller and less imposing than Lusk, Baxter was still the most muscular woman in Canton; her calves and deltoids seemed ready to split her skin. But the audience failed to appreciate this. Devotees of women's bodybuilding have a lot to learn about what matters in contests. Everybody does.

**T**he women's freestyle posing routines counted much less than the afternoon's compulsions but could be decisive if point totals were close. McGhee kept saying, "The routines must be original, and every muscle must be flexed." Some of the women seemed more impressive than they had been earlier, but that was their originality—not their muscles—showing. One yoga expert produced a lovely flowing scramble of arms and legs with a split thrown in, but she failed to show much muscularity. Lusk's routine was far more dynamic, and she flashed what may be the sport's most infectious smile, a sure sign of confidence, but good for no points in Canton. Baxter, an outstanding gymnast at Kent State in the late '60s, was the evening's star. Toward the end of her 70-second routine she went into a front straddle support; she rose on her palms from a sitting position, legs and torso forming a shallow V in the air. She hung there under the lights for at least three seconds, muscles gleaming.

Afterward she said, "I could have done the crab, but that's ugly, and the straddle support brings out the same muscles, especially the trapezius, shoulders and thighs."

Finally it was time for the winner to

be announced. Baxter had her partisans, as did Lusk. Someone tested the microphone. All conversation in the room ceased, and the winner was announced: Schriener, the Parkay lady.

A lot of mouths dropped, but very few words came out. Steve Wennerstrom, assistant women's track coach at UCLA and the Western representative of McGhee's U.S. Women's Physique Association, said, "That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard. But I guess it goes along with what he wants, a string bean."

Off in a corner, a surprised and bewildered Schriener was speaking with reporters. She said she had been lifting weights for two years, that she had started "from fear of living alone. Every time I was frightened I started doing push-ups."

Other bodybuilders stood around with friends, talking about their sport and its future. Some spoke of efforts by the AAU and International Federation of Bodybuilders to train female judges and codify judging standards. There appeared to be a consensus that the future and the standards were not unrelated.

Ten minutes later a chagrined McGhee brought word of what he called "a slight mistake. We got the winner wrong. It should have been Kay Baxter."

The announcer had read the wrong scores. Schriener had led her weight division coming into the evening, McGhee explained, and Baxter had led hers, with two fewer points. But Baxter easily won the posing competition, making Schriener second and Lusk third. "It wasn't the announcer's fault," McGhee said.

Someone ran to retrieve the winner's trophy from Schriener, catching her as she was leaving the building.

Baxter was telling people, "This is real bodybuilding. The one in Pennsylvania was just a beauty contest for athletes. They didn't want men's poses, but you can't show muscles without them. I guess they don't think muscles are feminine, but that will change as we become more familiar with what athletic women look like."

That statement served as a fitting conclusion to the second Annual U.S. Women's National Physique Championship, the last women's bodybuilding competition of the decade. Now the sport could have a brand-new start.

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## FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 3-9

Compiled by BROOKS CLARK

[illegible]

**BOWLING**—NELSON BURTON JR. defeated Matt Sarina 200-194 (10) with a \$70,000 PBA tournament in Adelphi, Md.

**GOLF**—JOHNNY MILLER shot a 14-under-par 274 to win the \$300,000 Inverrary Classic in Landerhill, Fla.

JoAnne Carner was the \$125,000 Summer '80 at Los Angeles, with a first-under-par 307, three strokes better than Debbie Massey and Kathy Postlewait.

**HOCKEY**—At year's end, the five teams most likely to be left out in the cold when the playoffs begin in five weeks.

were Quebec, Washington, Edmonton, Calgary and Winnipeg. The Nordiques, at 17th place with 31 points, lost to Los Angeles 4-2, and Minnesota 3-2 and fell to 20th place with 26 points. The Islanders, at 18th place with 31 points, lost to Pittsburgh 4-2 and to the St. Louis 3-2 on a fast night by Mike Gartner and the Canadiens 4-1. The Canadiens, at 19th place with 26 points, lost to the Islanders 4-1 on a Mike Bossy hat trick. The Montreal 3-2 despite two goals by the Canadiens, and the Pittsburgh 4-1 on a Mike Bossy hat trick. The Rockies lost to Philadelphia 4-1 as the Flyers scored twice in the first 15 seconds of the second period. The Flyers, at 21st place with 21 points, won a season-high 5-2 victory over the Canadiens. The Flyers made the work with a 6-2 victory at Minnesota. Minnesota, in 22nd and last place with 16 points, lost to the Flyers 6-2. The Vancouver, when Kevin McCarty scored the first goal with 1:17 remaining to 4-1. The Rangers defeated the Islanders 4-2 on a goal by Mike Gartner. The Islanders, at 23rd place with 17 points, lost to the Buffalo 4-2 for their fifth defeat in a row. Montreal then ended the Rangers season defeat with a 5-2 victory. The Rangers, at 24th place with 16 points, won and extended the Canadiens' streak as they won a 4-0. Toronto Ed Snider got his second and third goals in the first 15 seconds to back Mike LaFleur 6-1. The Oilers, at 25th place with 16 points, lost to the

**HORSE RACING—SUPERDUTY** (\$35,400) Jacinto Vazquez up. Ed-dad six furlongs ahead of Kolobov Bay, to win the \$179,350 Preakness Stakes at Hialeah. The 3-year-old won the 1 1/4-mile race in 1:51 1/4 (page 208).

**BOLD 'N DETERMINED** (59), Eddie Delahoussaye sq., defied Street Bells by a half-length to win the \$112,000 Santa Susana Stakes at Santa Anita. The 3-year-old filly set a stakes record running the 1 1/4 miles in 1:43.5.

JAKLIN KLUGMAN (57.80), with Chris McCann on aboard, defeated Dopesbury by a head to win the \$150,000 California Derby at Golden Gate Fields. The 3-year-old covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:44.

**SPRING IN DEEPSEA** (39), ridden by Jean-Luc Seguin, won the \$103,800 Black Helen Handicap at Hialeah. The 5-year-old English mare ran the 1 1/8 miles in 1:51 to beat Tropical Front (4) by 1 1/2 lengths.

MOTOR SPORTS—CALE YARBROUCH (page 30)

Oldsmobile at an average speed of 188.615, won the Carolina 500 on the 1.013-mile North Carolina Motor Speedway in Rockingham. He finished 3 seconds ahead of Richard Petty, who was driving a Chevrolet.

**RECORD**—The University of Vermont defined Lish (71–15) in Snowy V. and Lake Placid N.Y. to use the NO. 8A title.

Middlebury College won its second consecutive AIAW championship, defeating Vermont 186-7-260-4.

**TEEN**—In *Drivin' Car*, competition is between Actes, A.R. GENTILE, a trained and drilled champion 1.5, 4-1; Guillermo, the local boy, 2-1; and John McElaine, 3-1. In the opening match, Actes and Gentile lose. Luis Clerch, head of John McElaine's fan club, loses his temper, too, over a *Drivin' Car* race 6-3, 6-2, 4-6, 11-11 in a 45-45 match that is interrupted over two days. Peter Fleming and McElaine narrowly over the Argentinians, lost to 2-1 with a 6-0 4-5 4-6 doubles shot of Ricardo Cano and Carlos Gardier before Vitas got the third and winning point with a 6-2 4-6 4-6 3-1 3-6 4-6 won over McElaine. In the final, which Actes defeated Guillermo 7-5 4-4.

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA defeated Evonne Cawley 6-3, 6-2 to win a \$250,000 tournament in Dallas.

**TRACK & FIELD**—Tyrone El Paso won the first ALAW on deer track and field championship, finishing 13 points ahead of Moenness, at Columbus, Mo.

**MILEPOSTS—NAMED:** As basketball coach of Southern Methodist, DAVE BLISS '36, whose dorm was 77-82 on Sun campus, is C4400000. He coaches Eastern A.B. on

As basketball coach at South Carolina, BILL FOSTER, 49, to replace Frank McGuire who missed Foster whose career record is 120-188 has coached at Bloomsburg (Pa.) State (1960-63), Rutgers (1963-71), Utah (1971-74) and Duke (1974-80).

**RESIGNED** As basketball coach at the University of Pittsburgh **TIM GILL-SPICH**, 37, who had a 68-70 record.

### CREDITS

4-Frank White 14.15-Arny Hays 15.17-John Wynn 22.13-Richard Mackinn 26-Peter Reid Millar 30.11-Richard Mackinn 49.46-Michael Seale 50.52-Carl Wynn 54.56-John G. Zimmerman 58-Manny McLean 61.82-Sally Tamm 64.46-Linda Farwell 66.14-Helen Kuylenstierna 68.17-Lynne Farwell 68.25-Lynne Farwell 68.25-Helen Kuylenstierna 68-Helen Kuylenstierna 70-Joe Robinson 71

\_\_\_\_\_

## FACES IN THE CROWD

DWAYNE GREENE  
 Editor, NCF

Dwayne, 19, was timed at six seconds flat in the indoor 60-yard dash at the Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News Relays, the fastest time this season by a high-schooler. He will attend North Carolina State next year on a football scholarship.

**DOUG PARKER**  
Lincoln, Nebraska, Mo.

Parker, 54, head wrestling coach at Springfield College since 1955, guided his team to a 45-9 win over Lowell—his 300th career victory. In Parker's 25 years as coach, Springfield has had a 317-88-7 record and has won 22 New England titles.

CARRIE TUCKER  
Editor, Data

Carme, 17, a 5'9" forward for Ross Case High, averaged 44.5 points a game to win her second state scoring title. In 1978-79 she won with a 39-point average. In three seasons she scored 2,853 points and led the Red Devils to a 66-14 record.

MARLAN KRIME  
Michigan State University

Moran, a senior at Ridgeway High, defeated Cindy Brightfield of Northwestern University 6-3, 6-4 to win the USTA 21-and-under National Indoor title in Nashville. She also won the doubles, with partner Fran Sweeney.

EDDIE WANGENSTEIN  
St. Paul

Wanjiaweth, 30, a glass-blower, flew his 55,000-cubic-foot hot-air balloon, the Red Baron, more than 10 miles to score a direct hit on a target balloon and win the 18th annual St. Paul Winter Carnival hard-and-boiled competition.

**BILL LANGE**  
Barnesville, Md.

Bill, a junior at Bridgewater-Raynham East High, pole-vaulted to an indoor high school best of 17 feet at the open competition of the Dartmouth Relays, in Hanover, N.H. The mark has since been equaled by Joe Dial of Marlow, Okla.

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## OLYMPIAN PHOTOGRAPHY

Sir:

We waited in anxious anticipation all week. Which shot would it be on the cover of *SI*? Goalie Jim Craig standing on the ice, draped in the American flag? Captain Mike Eruzione standing on the winners' platform, gold on his chest, hand on his heart, singing the national anthem? Or maybe the shocked Soviets with that "Who are those guys?" look on their faces? But when my March 3 *SI* arrived—with the picture of America's Team, showing all the joy, enthusiasm and pride that all Americans felt—it was easy to see why *SI* is the No. 1 sports magazine going.

JOHN PETTUS  
MIKE PYLE  
Pittsburg, Kans.

Sir:

How do you capture one of the greatest moments in sports history? Just ask *SI* photographer Heinz Klutmeier—he did it.

BARRY A. CRAIG  
Williamstown, Mass.

Sir:

Heinz Klutmeier's cover shot is the greatest sports picture you have ever published. I have every issue back to July 1967 and I can't remember ever being moved so much by a sports photograph. A history of the Olympics published 50 years from now will surely include Klutmeier's shot. The timing of this victory over the Soviets is as important as the victory itself. We needed this. Congratulations on Klutmeier's majestic work.

MARK R. CAVANAUGH  
Tucson

Sir:

Surely your cover of the victorious U.S. Olympic hockey team—without caption—is the most eloquent you have ever printed.

TIM HADLEY  
Cincinnati

Sir:

When I saw the cover I started whooping and hollering all over again, as did my roommates. We stood in the apartment cheering for five minutes. All the love, patriotism, and sheer joy America's Team evoked came back. My God, how that hockey team inspired me!

JACK PRUITT  
Travelers Rest, S.C.

Sir:

You've got me shivering and singing God Bless America all over again.

NEAL N. MODELEVSKY  
Davis, Calif.

Sir:

The cover picture comes as close as possible to re-creating the feeling we all experienced

when it was taken as the most magical moment in sports ever. The symbolism of the American flag in place of the letters *US* in your magazine's title is just perfect. It has been a long time since Old Glory has been so proudly hailed.

Impressed as I was with the cover, I could not conceive of a more artistic application of the camera in capturing this moment—until I turned to Eric Schweikard's picture of Mike Eruzione's golden goal against the U.S.S.R. on pages 16 and 17. The emotion virtually jumps off those pages and into your heart. It is almost as if the Soviet goalie is crumbling in front of the irresistible force of the enthusiasm of those great young Americans. Thank you from the bottom of my heart for preserving a moment I will cherish forever.

ROBERT A. CATINA  
Effort, Pa.

Sir:

Eric Schweikard's camera froze a scene that tells a whole story. It reminds me of the kind of setting Artist Norman Rockwell used to depict American life.

WILLIAM A. HERR  
Bluffton, Ohio

Sir:

Could it be that this trouble-plagued, controversial Winter Olympics will serve as the catalyst that leads to the end of the Vietnam syndrome and the negativism and self-flagellation of the '70s? Perhaps future historians may mark this small event on the world stage as the beginning of a new era in the United States, one in which the people started on the long road back toward traditional feelings of positivism and patriotism and a renewal of the faith of our forefathers that America is a great country despite all of its wars and blemishes.

GORDON S. HODGSON  
Falls Church, Va.

## GAMES WORDS

Sir:

Your Olympic coverage was magnificent. Even though television commentaries and print journalists were reduced to melodramatic blubbering about Tar and Randy, awe-struck accounts of Eric Heiden and sheer speechlessness over the U.S. hockey team, your writers put the drama and emotion and euphoria of the Games at perfect perspective. And the photography, as always, was unsurpassed.

JOHN HOLLAR  
Dallas

Sir:

If *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* doesn't give a gold medal to silver-tongued Bob Ottum for his

Winter Olympic reporting it should at least bronze his typewriter.

JOHN P. KRAUSE  
New York City

## TO GO OR NOT TO GO

Sir:

I haven't decided whether to support the boycott of the Summer Olympics, but if our athletes can give me a tiny part of the thrill at those Games that I got at the Winter Games when our flag went up to the top of the hockey arena with all those thousands of people singing the national anthem, I hope we go.

BILL BAKERS  
Marshalltown, Iowa

Sir:

One look at the cover photograph of the U.S. hockey players celebrating their gold-medal effort and I could almost feel the excitement, jubilation and thrill that overcame them. That golden moment will live with those inspiring young men forever. As a potential Summer Olympian, I fail to see how anyone has the right to deprive me of a chance for a similar reaction to a lifelong dream.

STU SWANSON  
Pitt Swimming Team  
Pittsburgh

Sir:

President Carter's politically inspired decision to boycott the Moscow Olympics will destroy the motivation of thousands of young people and disillusion many more. Our country gains nothing, our athletes are the scapegoats for the political process, and individuals throughout the world are the losers. What will the U.S.S.R. have lost?

STEPHEN B. COHEN  
Chicago

Sir:

Your editorial on the Olympic boycott (*SCORECARD*, March 3) really hit home. It amazes me how this country's public opinion can change so drastically. In a matter of days public sentiment has focused on Eric Heiden and the U.S. hockey team instead of those brave Afghan rebels who are fighting and dying for a country they call home.

I can sympathize with the athletes who have so earnestly trained for the 1980 Summer Games, and with their families. They do deserve better. But I find it hard to agree that the U.S. should send a team to Moscow. If we were to compete in the Games this summer, and present circumstances persisted, we would in effect be saluting military aggression, Communism and the good of U.S.S.R. Sure, many American athletes would win medals and, yes, all of us at home would savor those two weeks of watching the world's finest

continued

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### 15TH HOLE continued

amateurs. But is that really what we want?

President Carter has stood firm in saying we will not send a team to Moscow, so, while we still have time to make a favorable impression on other countries, we Americans should unite behind him and send a strong and clear message to Moscow that we will not put up with its recent act of naked aggression. We may never get a chance to seize this peaceful opportunity again.

JOHN A. HELDT  
Pendleton, Ore.

### OUR NATIONAL PASTIME

Sir,

Your article on Marvin Miller (Why the Opening Day, 1980? March 31) helped to clarify a complex issue. However, it appears to me that both Marvin and Ranger Relief Pitcher Jim Kern are misinformed. While it is true that the owners are not baseball, neither are the players. As Twins owner Calvin Griffith points out, baseball is the fans. No fans, no money. No money, no salaries. No salaries, no players. No players, no owners.

Keeping this in mind, I would suggest some form of fan representation at player-management talks. I feel that at some point fans will grow tired of insane salaries, suitcase teams and suitcase players. What will happen then?

As for the threat of no pro baseball this year, if America can survive Watergate and Vietnam, it can surely survive a year without baseball. The real losers would be the players, the owners and Marvin Miller.

BILL TORIN  
Bethlehem, Pa.

### UP JUMP THE DEVILS

Sir,

It was with anguish and astonishment that I read Curry Kirkpatrick's article on parity in college basketball (Why the Game Is on the Level, March 31), especially his implication that the Duke Blue Devils were not worthy of an invitation to the NCAA tournament. How could you leave for dead a team that, when playing up to its capabilities, is a thing of beauty—five individuals playing as one, something the NBA hotshots would be well advised to duplicate? As you are now aware, the Blue Devils did play the type of ball they are capable of in winning the ACC tournament, earning a well-deserved bid to the NCAA's. To err is human, but to forgive on this matter is out of the question.

GARY J. LANG  
Middletown, Pa.

Sir,

For the "Mike Givins-led Glip of the Century," Duke's ACC title should help Curry Kirkpatrick enjoy his first bite of post-season Gorm.

TOM FLORES  
Fayetteville, N.C.

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